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NEW STATESMAN

MEMO TO PRIME MINISTER: YOUR MERCHANTS OF DEATH ARE COOKING THE BOOKS

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Mrs Thatcher, boosting the nationalised arms business, imagines it's profitable.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, aided by a mole, shows her she's wrong.

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NEW STATESMAN
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Contents

2 **Leader**
3 **Notes:** Less money for families with children; Money supply figures; Commercial radio's 'secondary rental' scandal; Yemelyanov jailed
4 **Controlling Michael Heseltine:** Francis Wheen
5 **The resignation of Mr Callaghan:** Peter Kellner
6 **Thwarting the Greek Left:** Fred Halliday
8 **Australia's election:** Richard Hall
10 **The defence of Britain:** Lawrence Freedman
12 **The government's corrupt arms sales machine:** Duncan Campbell
18 **The great farming rip-off: Part II:** Marion Shoard
21 **Northern Diary:** Rob Rohrer
22 **Letters to the editor**
23 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts
24 **William Golding's latest novel:** Blake Morrison
25 **Joseph Brodsky in print and in person:** Michael Schmidt
26 **Dom Moraes's Indira Gandhi:** Christopher Hitchens
26 **New novels:** James Campbell
27 **The politics of housework:** Zoë Fairbairns
28 **The history of class relations in Scotland:** *Ian Carter*
30 **The Prudence Farmer Award:** Peter Conrad
31 **Women's images of men:** John Spurling
32 **Recordings of Stockhausen, Berio and Birtwistle:** Andrew Clements
Sir Hugh Greene's battle memoirs: Julian Barnes
33 **Productions of O'Casey, Ibsen and Shakespeare:** Benedict Nightingale
34 **Arden's radio Quixote:** Charles Lewsen
Special Treatment, A Woman of Paris and other films: John Coleman
35 **Die Frau ohne Schatten:** Peter Conrad
36 **Weekend Competition, Chess and Crossword**

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Bad business and bad morals

FAIRLY ENOUGH paraphrased, much conservative defence of the Vesteys comes down to saying that anti-social behaviour is to be expected, even tolerated, in 'wealth creators'. Scarcely paraphrased at all, the defence of Britain's officially-sponsored arms trade says: You may not like the morals, but can you do without the profits? Both arguments assume the necessity of a trade-off between moral integrity and the production of wealth: scruples, apparently, are the final luxury for the person who has everything.

The idea of a natural, positive correlation between moral vacuity and profit does not — as we show on page 12 — survive a detailed inquiry into the affairs of Britain's nationalised merchants of death. 'Profits' have been made to appear chiefly by ingenious organisation of the books of account, and while the trading policy of the company seems to have been as amoral as could readily be wished, the actual commercial performance leaves almost everything to be desired. Of course, it is not really a wonder that 'wealth', or even 'profit' is not to be had, in any worthwhile sense, from bribing unstable dictatorships into ordering complex killing machines for which no utility exists outside an arms-salesman's excited imagination. The oddity is that so many important and respectable members of our society are disposed to think that it might be. Once persuade them that moral considerations have been eliminated from some projected course of action, and their critical faculties evaporate.

WITHOUT SUGGESTING that the Vesteys' principal lines of business are quite so nasty as hawking dud tanks in a prospective war-zone, there are some connections to be made. From the moment that Phillip Knightley, in a classic piece of reporting, exposed the family as tax-bilkers on a Homeric scale, it began to be assumed that they were, and are, master entrepreneurs, creative business captains and organisers of benefits for the common man. Nobody, previously, had perceived any such qualities in them. They were taken, perfectly accurately, to be the controllers of a small, rather sleazy international conglomerate, which has displayed over the years a tolerable competence in hanging on to valuable properties, and a marked inability to achieve even enlightened self-interest when dealing with questions of any political or industrial subtlety — witness their oppression of the aborigines in Northern Australia, and their pointless provocation offered to the London dockers during the brief lifetime of the Howe Industrial Relations Act. Only the discovery of their fiscal deviousness converts all this into creative acumen, or persuades people that Dewhursts, their butchery chain, might be anything more than one of Britain's least-inspired large-scale food retailers.

It must be mental processes of this kind — however hazily articulated — which cause Margaret Thatcher to break off from her general activity of devastating the British engineering industry in order to throw her personal prestige, and her government's favour, behind its most unattractive and unpromising sector: armaments. It is not automatically wrong, or foolish, to make some kinds of weapons and sell them to some kinds of people: guns have procured liberty, or defended peace, on numerous critical occasions. But it ought to go without moral argument that the weapons business in a modern industrial society must be kept minimal: that it must be controlled, inspected and supervised above all others. Looking beyond plain morals, there is no shortage of evidence to demonstrate the ill-effects of an over-swollen arms sector on technological and economic performance, or indeed the ill-effects upon the host country's own military capacity. (The luckless recipients of the impractical tank designed to accommodate the Shah's insane whims will be: the British Army.) But it is a feature of human affairs that people who regard the first, plain argument as dispensable are not those who can appreciate the other, rather subtler ones.

NOTHING HERE suggests that success in economics, politics or technology will go automatically to the pure in heart. To the contrary: no-one takes part in these activities, or in the business of life, without acquiring some measure of corruption, and the serious performers are those who accept this, and attempt to keep it within limits. The argument is against those who imply that creativity is to be maximised by wholesale surrender to greed and corruption: perhaps Thatcher's Britain aspires to be the first quite uncritical realisation of *The Fable of the Bees* ('Such were the glories of that State/Their crimes conspired to make them great').

Clearly, a chief difficulty with the present British ruling elite is that many of them cannot distinguish between the creation of wealth, and the appropriation and control of it. True, there is no satisfactory theory of the distinction. (Marxism, having tried hardest to supply that want, has encountered shipwreck with the labour theory of value.) But theory is for refining distinctions: a society which cannot distinguish in gross cases between tax-dodging and worthwhile commercial activity is one which will surely have trouble with its economic organisation (just as one which exploits Middle Eastern tensions in order to flog weapons is bound to do immense damage to itself and others). Bad morals are not bad business in each particular instance, but taken over any modest spread of time they usually are, and if it takes a socialist journal to say so unequivocally, then no wonder British capitalism is in such desrepair.

NEXT WEEK
in the
New Statesman

NEXT WEEK: High jinks in the City. Penetrating, for the first time, the anonymity of share-dealing through nominees, we show how the pension funds, and other august institutions, have been involving themselves in short-term Stock Exchange punting, to the detriment of the industrial economy.

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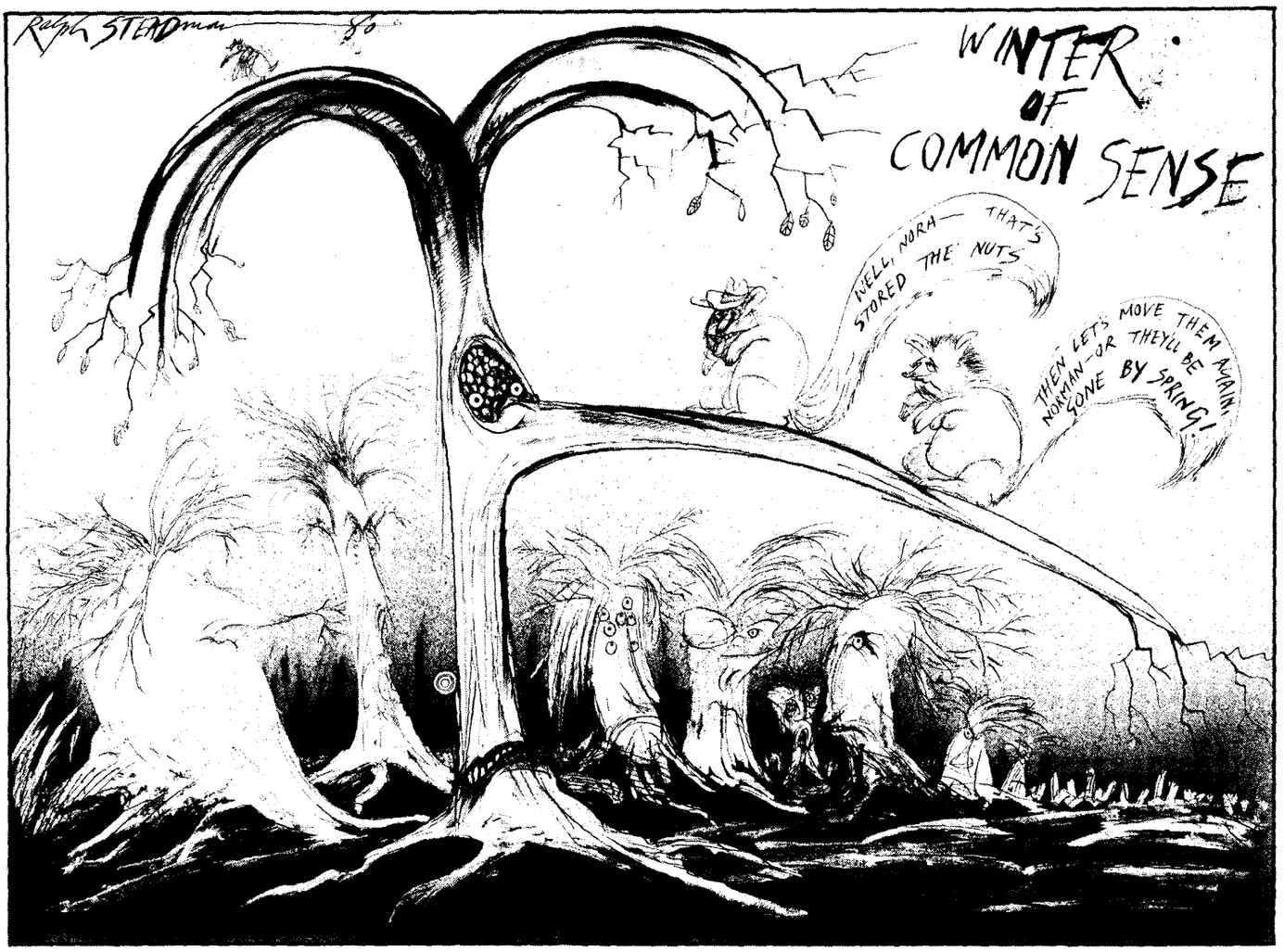
Ralph STEADMAN '80
WINTER OF COMMON SENSE
WELL, NORM— THAT'S STORED THE NUTS
THEN LET'S MOVE THEM AGAIN, NORMAN—OR THEY'LL BE GONE BY SPRING!

Anna Coote and Peter Kellner report on Thatcher's victims

Less money for families with children

A sharp reminder that the Government has reneged on a pre-election pledge to families comes this week from Frank Field MP. In a pamphlet for the Study Commission on the Family*, he recalls Patrick Jenkin's promise to the 1977 Tory Party Conference that

> Ministers would . . . be asked to accompany any new proposals with an assessment of their impact on the family . . . In this way, Parliament, Cabinet and the people can be vigilant to safeguard and enhance the quality of family life.

Field reports that in 1979 he asked Jenkin when he intended to publish a 'family impact statement' on the year's budget. He was told that all the necessary information was already available — in the Chancellor's budget speech and in annual figures produced by the Central Statistics Office. Field argues that CSO figures are seriously inadequate for the purpose; and goes on to show that if the Government were to issue a 'family impact statement' with each of its new measures, Margaret Thatcher's boast that her party was 'the party of the family' would look increasingly threadbare. The table, which we have reworked from figures provided in a parliamentary answer to Field, shows that childless couples have fared considerably better than families with children, as a result of changes in taxation and the gradual replacement of child tax allowance with child benefit. Richer families have greatly improved their position, but those earning two-thirds of the national average and with two children under 11 fare worst of all.

**Fair Shares for Families* by Frank Field; Study Commission on the Family, 231 Baker Street, London NW1; £1.20 inc. p&p.

Family impact statement number 1

Government reduces take-home pay for families with children, and poorest families are hardest hit.

		Take-home pay as proportion of gross pay*				
Gross earnings as proportion of national average*		**67%**	**Average**	**x2**	**x5**	**x10**
Married couple, one earner, no children	1976/7	75.2	69.9	65.3	47.7	33.1
	1979/80	80.4	74.8	75.2	60.2	50.2
	change	**+6.2**	**+4.9**	**+9.9**	**+12.5**	**+17.1**
Married couple, one earner, two children under 11	1976/7	82.8	75.1	68.6	50.2	34.6
	1979/80	82.5	76.7	72.4	60.9	50.6
	change	**−0.3**	**+1.6**	**+3.8**	**+10.7**	**+16.0**

*Gross pay includes child benefit where appropriate.

Source: House of Commons *Hansard*, 21 December 1979, Volume 976, column 443.

Howe goes over the top

Michael English writes: The newspapers, responding to Geoffrey Howe's propaganda machine, have remarked favourably on the fact that sterling M3 rose only ½ or ¾ per cent last month, and perhaps less. So much better than 5 per cent two months ago, etc.

It hasn't been noted that Howe has now passed the point of no return for his own chosen monetary target. Last April, he said that sterling M3 should grow at an annual rate not less than 7½ per cent and not more than 11 per cent in the 14 months from the mid-February before. Far from being good, the newest money supply figures took M3 over the top, to 12 per cent, with seven months still to go. Unless one assumes the money supply will now contract (which nobody believes) the Chancellor now cannot reach his target. As this issue goes to press, fresh money-supply figures are due, and in their light Howe's target is to be 'rebased' — a euphemism for changing it. Perhaps we are supposed to forget that this new target ought to be *added* to the existing figure. How many of us would get away with saying 'I was only going to increase my speed by a small amount, constable' — if we were already exceeding the limit?

Michael English MP is a member of the select committee which monitors the Treasury.

Radio's 'secondary rental' scandal now official

Jonathan Coe writes: For the first time since commercial radio began in Britain the Independent Broadcasting Authority has published details of how it is spending the vast amounts of money it collects in secondary rental from the radio companies. This money — which amounted to £2.7 million in the

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year which ended last month — is effectively an extra levy on the stations' monopoly profits. On 6 June the *New Statesman* published an investigation showing how large amounts of this money were finding their way back to the stations who paid it for uses that were, at best, obscure and, at worst, services the stations should have been providing themselves. The scanty details now published confirm this analysis.

The IBA intends to keep £1.3 million of the secondary rental for something it describes as 'expanding, maintaining and controlling the ILR system.' A further £300,000 will go to 'enhancing' the ILR system. Incredibly, this includes 'technical facilities providing coverage from local soccer grounds'. (One might think that commercial stations could afford to pay for their own football commentaries.)

The remaining £1.1 million goes back to the radio contractors. Capital Radio in London receives £720,000, of which £510,000 is spent on 'music use and employment.' An allocation to training of £75,000 makes Capital's employees, at £750 worth of training per head, among the best trained in the world. Applying BBC local radio costings, Capital appears to be preparing 200 hours of 'speech programming', 550 hours of 'educative items' and 650 hours of 'community service'. Capital, like virtually all other local commercial radio, is a pop music station: where are these programmes?

Russian neo-Nazi jailed

Reuben Ainsztein writes: NS readers who have followed the career of Valery Nikolayevich Yemelyanov, ideologist of the Russian neo-Nazi right, will recall that he was arrested on 10 April after his wife's charred remains were found in a Moscow rubbish-dump. It's now known that he has been tried for her murder, and sentenced to 10 years in a mental hospital. Yemelyanov himself was not at the trial.

The severity of the sentence must reflect a weakening in the position of Yemelyanov's Politburo protectors: the members of the Russian nationalist faction. The arrest of Father Gleb Yakunin, and his trial in August this year are also manifestations of the rising power of the 'military-industrial complex' led by Marshal Dmitry Ustinov, Defence Minister.

Increasing numbers of would-be Jewish emigrants have now been told that, although they will not be allowed to leave the USSR, they will be given work in accordance with their qualifications and proper educational facilities for their children. As the military-industrial faction want extensive industrial growth — as opposed to intensive growth of existing industrial facilities — they are reluctant to go on losing Jewish brains and skills.

A further pointer is the publication of Anatoly Ananyev's novel *Years Without War*, in large editions. Remarkably, the novel attacks *Russian* nationalism, describing it as a menace to the USSR, and praises those who desire another period of extensive industrial growth (regardless of the effect on present living conditions). Ananyev's hero is Kosygin, who unlike Brezhnev is in the Ustinov faction.

WHITEHALL
Francis Wheen

Tarzan Heseltine has married the corporate state rather than Jane

Triumph of the bureaucrats

ON 10 SEPTEMBER this year David Mitchell, a junior minister at the Department of Industry, attended a press conference at which plans were announced for a grand 'trade and industry' exhibition next year. He said:

> Four local authorities — the boroughs of Hackney, Islington, Tower Hamlets and the GLC — have come together to do something tangible, dynamic and worthwhile to help industry. Instead of sitting back and wringing their hands, they are fighting the recession and wishing to strengthen our industrial base. Given time, they will find that government policies are great allies.

Given how much time? Eight days later Michael Heseltine announced his penalties on 'overspending' councils — including Hackney, Islington and Tower Hamlets.

The government's 'alliance' with local authorities has failed because ministers have rushed into marriage with a different partner, the bureaucrats of the Department of the Environment, whose aims and interests are wholly at odds with those of local councils. The offspring of this union will be presented to the world next month when Michael Heseltine announces the level of Rate Support Grant for 1981-82. During the past month a Cabinet Committee known as MISC 21 has been meeting to decide how large the grant should be, and computers in Cleveland, Ohio and Rockville, Connecticut — where all British local government information is stored — have been calculating distribution patterns. Whatever the precise final figure, the RSG settlement will represent a triumph of Whitehall over politicians — quite an achievement for a government which came to office with a promise to tame the bureaucrats.

The new 'block grant', which will be used for the first time this year, has been a pet scheme of Whitehall for some time. The civil servants recommended it to the Layfield Committee in the mid-1970s, and then persuaded Peter Shore to include it in Labour's 1977 Green Paper; fortunately, nothing became of it at the time. When Michael Heseltine entered the hideous Marsham Street offices of the Department of the Environment in May 1979 the same old civil servants proposed the scheme to him as a way in which he could carry out the Tories' election pledge to control local authority spending. He fell for it.

There is no reason to believe that Michael Heseltine is fond of huge centralised bureaucracies, and it seems probable that his frequent declarations in favour of local autonomy are sincerely meant. This, indeed, is what makes his alliance with the bureaucrats such an unstable one: he accepted the block grant simply because he thought it would be a way of keeping down local government spending; in fact, however, it will also end local democracy in this country — as the bureaucrats intended — and will strengthen the Whitehall empire.

Heseltine gives the impression that he has yet to appreciate this, but the moment of enlightenment cannot be far off. There is a long political tradition of ministers saying one thing and doing another, but there can come a point where the incongruity of word and action becomes so pronounced that even a minister may pause to wonder quite what is going on. Last month Michael Heseltine declared that 'it would be wrong for me to tell local councillors how they should run their affairs', while simultaneously removing £18.42 million from 14 councils which, in the Department's view, had not run their affairs quite as instructed. Heseltine's sidekick, local government minister Tom King, said last month:

> Let me first of all explain what grant-related expenditure assessment is *not*. It is *not* an estimate of what an authority should spend. It is *not* some kind of norm or directive to which you are all expected to conform.

Actually, that is just what grant-related expenditure is, as Tom King's civil servants know very well and as Mr King himself will discover before long.

THE ODDEST THING of all about Michael Heseltine's surrender to Whitehall is that the reason which prompted him to do it — a desire to bring local government spending 'under control' — is such an obviously weak one. Local government expenditure is the one part of public spending which is already under control, and has been for some time. This may surprise you if you rely on the press for your information: the opening sentence of a 'news' story in the *News Of the World* last month announced that 'record increases in rates and rents are on the way as a result of massive overspending by local councils', and a few days later Walter Terry told the readers of the *Sun* of 'the ravages of overspending that are now the cancer of the councils'. Even the august Sam Brittan referred last week to 'the overspending of the local authorities'.

What are the facts? Central government spending is wildly uncontrolled, indeed probably uncontrollable, and public spending for this year is about 20 per cent above its target. Local government spending, however, is at present only 2.6 per cent over its target, and by the end of the year it will almost certainly be exactly as planned. In 1976-77, when local authority budgets were 2.8 per cent over at this stage of the year, they ended 0.3 per cent *below* the target. In 1977-78, local government out-turn spending was 2.7 per cent *below* target. In 1978-79 it was 0.8 per cent below. In 1979-80 it is estimated to have been precisely on target (although final figures have not yet been published).

Many people are also led to believe that local government spending has also been growing much more rapidly than central spending: this too is a myth. Between 1974 and 1980 local government spending fell in real

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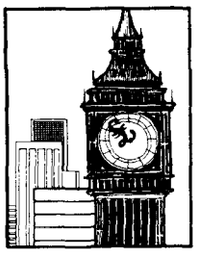

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

The economic consequences of Jim

FROM 1964 TO 1967 James Callaghan was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He floundered from one sterling crisis to the next, until he was forced to reverse his earlier policies and devalue the pound. From 1967 to 1970 he was Home Secretary. *The Times* described his Commonwealth Immigrants Act (limiting the rights of Kenyan Asians with British passports to enter Britain) as 'probably the most shameful measure that Labour members have ever been asked by their whips to support'. From 1974 to 1976 he was Foreign Secretary. A select committee of MPs condemned his handling of the Cyprus crisis; and he bungled the 'cod war' with Iceland. From 1976 to 1979 he was Prime Minister. Unemployment reached a new post-war peak, and the biggest post-war public spending cuts were introduced. In 1979 Labour was toppled from power by the biggest electoral swing since 1945, and the party secured its lowest share of the total vote since 1931.

Callaghan and his supporters would doubtless regard that as a scandalously selective and distorted account of his career at the top of British politics. To me, on the other hand, the chronology actually understates the tactical cynicism that his style of politics has insinuated into almost every corpuscle of Labour's bloodstream. Witness the squabbles over the timing of his departure, with the left-wing — *the left-wing,* forsooth — conducting petty manoeuvres to persuade him to stay leader.

One of the few good things Callaghan has done has been to resist their blandishments. Of course it matters who his eventual successor is; and of course the choice is affected by the timing of Callaghan's departure (although, as I argued last week, it is by no means clear cut that an electoral college would reject Denis Healey). But it is far more important that the party now has the opportunity to extricate itself from the sterile politics of the Callaghan years.

THE PROFOUND DAMAGE that Callaghan's stewardship has done to the Labour Party is demonstrated by the repeated propaganda victories that the Government now scores on its economic strategy. 'There is no sensible alternative to the course on which we are set', Sir Geoffrey Howe told the Conservative Party conference in Brighton last week, using much the same words that Margaret Thatcher, Sir Keith Joseph and most other cabinet ministers have employed at regular intervals since the Tories came to power. They say it not because it is true — which it manifestly is not — but because the statement *works:* that is, it sounds plausible. It sounds plausible because the ground from which any serious intellectual challenge to the Government's strategy could be launched was deserted long ago by the Labour leadership. And that desertion was led by Callaghan himself.

There are two key texts. On 25 January 1977 Callaghan defended his post-IMF policies against criticism from Thatcher in these terms:

> I agree with the right honourable lady that the [unemployment] total is not one to be tolerated. But . . . as long as we are trying to squeeze inflation out of the system, that is unfortunately one of the consequences that we must face.

It would be hard for any current minister to put more succinctly his order of political priorities and his view of how the economy behaves. But, it might be said, is it really fair to quote Callaghan at that particular moment; was he not just mouthing the rhetoric required by Britain's temporary paymasters in Washington?

The answer is that Callaghan's conversion to monetarism predates the IMF debacle. This is what he told the Labour Party conference on the morning of 28 September 1976, a few hours *before* Denis Healey's indecorous turn-round at London Airport and the trail of events that led to the IMF loan:

> We used to think that you could spend your way out of a recession, and increase employment by cutting taxes and boosting government spending. I tell you in all candour that that option no longer exists, and that in so far as it ever did exist, it only worked by injecting a bigger dose of inflation into the economy, followed by a higher level of unemployment as the next step. Higher inflation followed by higher unemployment. We have just escaped from the highest rate of inflation this country has known; we have not yet escaped from the consequences: high unemployment.

What is wrong with that statement, which was drafted by Peter Jay, is not only that it prepared the ground for indiscriminate public spending cuts and 'punk monetarism' (Denis Healey's insult is better applied to the last Labour government than the present Tory one). What is more profoundly wrong is that it seriously misrepresented the economic theories it set out to overturn.

THE CASUAL observer might think that the 'we' in 'we used to think . . .' were all good Keynesians, and that the age of Keynes had run its course. 'We' were no such thing: 'we' were the people who occupied important positions in the Treasury, the House of Commons and *The Times* who had never read in detail what Keynes had written, or who had forgotten, misunderstood, or wilfully distorted it.

Keynes, it is true, did advocate the use of public investment to alleviate unemployment, but he did so as part of a package of measures more radical than anything any government has yet tried. To adapt Chesterton's point about Christianity, the point about Keynesian economics is not that it has been tried and found wanting, but that it has been found difficult and not tried.

The attempt to reduce the subtlety of Keynes's *The General Theory* to a few paragraphs would be to risk the kind of error Callaghan himself made; but two particular aspects of Keynes's own thinking are worth highlighting.

First, Keynes never advocated *indiscriminate* public spending. His aphorism about paying unemployed men to fill up holes in the ground was intended as a way of ridiculing the Treasury mind:

> It would, indeed, be more sensible to build houses and the like; but if there are political and practical difficulties in the way of this, the above would be better than nothing . . . Pyramid-building, earthquakes, even wars may serve to increase wealth, if the education of our statesmen on the principles of the classical economics stands in the way of anything better.

Secondly, Keynes went far further than expressing a preference for useful compared with useless public spending. This is part of his prescription, at the end of *The General Theory:*

> The state will have to exercise a guiding influence on the propensity to consume partly through its scheme of taxation, partly by fixing the rate of interest, and partly, perhaps, in other ways. *Furthermore, it seems unlikely that the influence of banking policy on the rate of interest will be sufficient by itself to determine an optimum rate of investment.* I conceive, therefore, that a somewhat comprehensive socialisation of investment will prove the only means of securing an approximation to full employment; though this need not exclude all manner of compromises and of devices by which public authority will co-operate with private initiative.

The emphasis is mine; Keynes's own description of these measures was 'moderately conservative'; and he argued that socialism in the form of detailed intervention in the economy was unnecessary, provided that the aggregate distribution of resources in the economy were controlled. Yet by the standards of today's political agenda, Keynes sounds like an independently-minded member of the Labour left-wing, if that is not a contradiction in terms. Certainly Callaghan did nothing, either as Chancellor or as Prime Minister to try true Keynesian policies before dismissing them.

It is not, however, only the left that has suffered from the Callaghan years. The principles of social democracy advanced by Anthony Crosland — pressing for economic growth to permit expanded public spending, and using public spending to secure redistribution — have also been betrayed: it was no accident that Crosland himself mounted the most eloquent argument inside the cabinet against the change of policies that Callaghan and Denis Healey said the IMF required.

One mystery remains. Why, in the face of his record of economic and political failure, has Callaghan been so popular with so much of the press — certainly more popular than Wilson or Attlee were when they were in power? Could it be that the mainstream tradition of British journalism is to avoid ideas, especially complex ideas with numbers: that Callaghan's homespun 'truths' fit neatly with the instant wisdoms of the age (just add half-baked tactics, and stir gently): that, in the end, Callaghan's intellectual and political bankruptcy has exactly matched Fleet Street's own?

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Bureaucrats' triumph

Cont. from page 4

terms by 14 per cent; in the same period central spending rose by over 7 per cent.

There are several possible explanations for the local authorities' record — but the most likely one seems to be that the ratio of elected representatives to the amount of money spent is much healthier in local authorities than it is in central government. Tory councillors know this as well as their Labour colleagues, and it can only be a matter of time before Michael Heseltine himself realises that he has a much more natural community of interest with local politicians than with the people who hover round his office in Marsham Street. There is indeed a great alliance which can be formed between national and local politicians, as David Mitchell said in the statement quoted earlier, but it is an alliance which Whitehall will do its utmost to wreck, as it threatens the bureaucrats' very existence.

A STRIKING EXAMPLE of such wrecking measures is the story of central government's attitude to the revival of Britain's inner cities. Hackney, for instance, is an east London area which was largely built up in Victorian times but has since acquired the classic features of inner city decay. It is full of large old tenement blocks which would make a splendid setting for *West Side Story* but which are grim for the inhabitants: nearly 40 per cent of Hackney dwellings do not have exclusive use of an inside lavatory, a fixed bath and a source of hot water, compared with a London average of 24 per cent and a national figure of 17 per cent. The borough's population fell by 12.6 per cent between 1971 and 1976. It has almost twice the national average of one parent families, and an unemployment rate which is almost double the London average.

It was in an effort to reverse the decline of areas such as Hackney that the last government created 'partnership authorities' — seven inner city areas with exceptional problems who would receive special assistance from the governemnt's Urban Aid Programme. The money would be used for small-scale projects of benefit to the local economy. For instance, Hackney used some of its partnership money to grant temporary rent relief to S.R. Goldman Ltd, a clothing firm specialising in children's coats; as a result, Goldman was able to move into a new factory and employ 40 more people. Hackney has also given grants to small firms for interest relief on loans for land and buildings. It has set up a Business Promotion Centre to advise firms. It has jointly sponsored an exhibition next April which will act as a showcase for local industry.

Tory ministers have not hitherto suggested that they are unhappy with the way the scheme has gone. One junior minister, Jim Lester, said that the Hackney partnership showed 'the kind of initiative which is most likely to succeed'. Councils were urged to spend their full allocation of partnership money — which is dependent on a 25 per cent contribution from the council itself. However, when Michael Heseltine's civil servants came to do their sums last month, they included this 25 per cent contribution in the figure for total expenditure on which they then based their decision as to which authorities were overspending. In short, certain councils were encouraged by central government to spend a certain sum of money, and were then punished for doing so. Worse, those 'overspending' councils who are also partnership Authorities — Hackney and Lambeth — have had their partnership funds frozen as well as losing part of their RSG. If a firm such as S.R. Goldman approaches Hackney Council next year, able to create 40 new jobs if it can have temporary assistance, it will probably be turned away.

Fred Halliday

'Constitutional coup' may stop Left gaining power in Greece

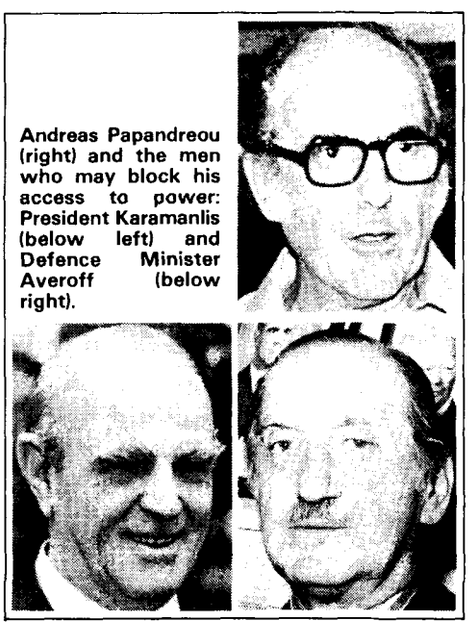
AN AIR OF ANTICIPATION and some anxiety hangs over Greek politics. This has less to do with the coup in nearby Turkey, or with Greece's entry to the EEC on 1 January, than with the possibility that after next autumn's elections a left-wing party might rule the country for the first time in its history.

PASOK, the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement of Andreas Papandreou, which won 25 per cent of the votes in the 1977 elections, will stand a good chance of winning the largest number of seats in next year's contest. With its populist appeal to what it terms 'the non-privileged Greek' and with an astute finessing of thorny economic issues, PASOK has built an alliance that spans urban and rural areas.

The problems PASOK faces are nevertheless substantial. Critics like to tell the story of the striking tenants who appealed to their party for help. The reply came back: PASOK could do nothing, since the landlords were members too. The party retains many of the less modern features of Greek political life: it has never held a congress and it is dominated by one man who is himself the son of a famous politician. It has tempered some of its more outspoken policies, not only by agreeing to EEC entry, but also by appealing to the army's officer corps on patriotic grounds. If it does not win an outright majority, however, it may have trouble finding coalition partners. The pro-Moscow communists may reject left unity; the Eurocommunists and the centre grouping may prove too small. In such a situation there emerges the phantom of a new militant Greek right.

Nobody expects there to be another military coup in Greece, with the discredited colonels languishing in captivity on an Aegean island. But there is talk of a 'constitutional coup' to block PASOK's access to power. Thirty per cent of the Greek population voted *for* the monarchy in the referendum which brought about the republic and, despite PASOK's appeals, the army remains a bastion of conservatism, able to beam its view into everyone's homes by means of its control of one of Greece's two television channels.

The idea of such a coup depends on two personalities. The first is Karamanlis, who has so far been a passive president but to whom the constitution has given almost French powers, which he would be expected to use if PASOK tried to form a cabinet. The second is Defence Minister Evangelos Averoff, who is rumoured to be preparing to challenge the current leader of the ruling New Democratic Party, premier George Rallis. Averoff has been speaking to enthusiastic young rightists allegedly tired of the failures of Rallis's policies, especially in the economic field. As head of the best-run ministry, he is a powerful figure in the government; a hardline speech he made on the anniversary of the end of the civil war was broadcast in full by the armed forces' TV.



Andreas Papandreou (right) and the men who may block his access to power: President Karamanlis (below left) and Defence Minister Averoff (below right).

BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT are trying to respond to a malaise which many feel afflicts Greek political life. *Rousfeti* (corruption) prevails in appointments to the civil service. The universities remain unreformed and tax evasion has reached almost Italian proportions, as the plush villas of the Athenian suburb of Politeia indicate. The press remains throttled: Christos Philippedes, editor of *Acropolis,* had his five-minute TV commentary programme cancelled after he had reminded parliamentary deputies of Socrates' advice that they should leave politics with more glory, not more wealth. George Kouris, publisher of the daily *Avriani*, alleged last month that journalists on Athens daily papers were also working in second jobs for government offices, and hence were unlikely to take a critical line.

Perhaps the most vigorous challenge to the established mores of Greek politics comes from the Interior Communist Party, the 'Eurocommunist' breakaway from the pro-Soviet party. The Interior Party has raised such previously forbidden social issues as women's liberation and the restrictions of the traditional family. At its recent festival in the Athens suburb of Nea Smyrna, it drew large crowds of young people to a park decorated with portraits of such heroes as the resistance fighter Manolis Glezos and the novelist Stratis Tsirkas, whose trilogy of leftwing life in Alexandria in the 1940s is now a bestseller. With Theodorakis reintegrated into the pro-Soviet party, younger people are turning to less epic singers such as Savopoulos (his recent hit song: 'Imperialism is not the only enemy, there is also loneliness').

But the Interior Party now has only two seats in parliament and is attacked by what it terms the 'dogmatic' Communist Party, precisely for its adoption of less traditional left themes. Two of its own industrial branches recently refused to debate a motion on women's emancipation. The question remains: can the Greek left, which paid such a bloody price after World War II for its pursuit of military triumph, now overcome its isolation by electoral means?

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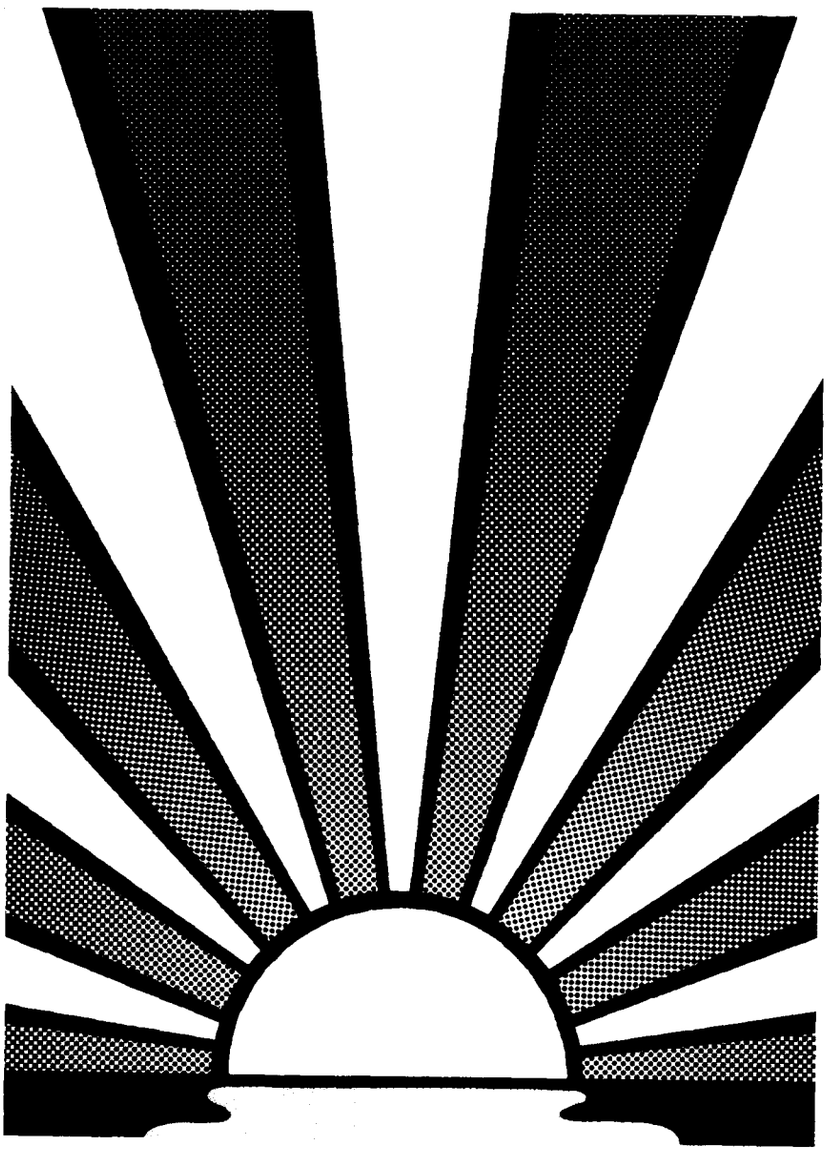
How the Pathfinders are selling to the world's toughest salesmen.



Everyone knows how successfully Japan sells to Britain, but do you know how much we sell to them?

Every day millions of Japanese ladies wear dresses dyed with ICI dyes; hundreds of thousands of Japanese patients take ICI medicines; and much of that delicious Japanese food is grown with the help of ICI crop protection products.

In fact, ICI are one of the biggest foreign chemical companies in the Far East; last year our exports to Japan alone went up by 25%, something which is all the more remarkable because the Japanese have a very large chemical industry of their own.

How did we do it?

Part of our success comes from manufacturing some of our products on the spot in Japan, in partnership with Japanese companies.

Surprising though it may sound, manufacturing overseas like this actually increases exports from home. Because it creates a demand for the basic materials those factories need; and for other ICI products that we make here.

In fact, in the last couple of years, ICI have invested more worldwide than any other chemical company. In this way our overseas investments create jobs at home, which is one of the benefits of having an international network.

Of course Japan isn't our biggest market. But it is one of the most competitive. If you can sell to the Japanese, you can sell to practically anybody.

ICI

The Pathfinders

Selling worldwide for Britain.

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PROFILE

Practice unmakes Prefect

Could Malcolm Fraser, darling of the right, lose this weekend's Australian election? If so, says RICHARD HALL, it's all his own work.

A LITTLE of Arnold Toynbee is a dangerous diet for a young man. Malcolm Fraser, in post-war Oxford, swallowed more than a little of the sage's output. Years later, he boasted that he had read all twelve volumes of *A Study of History* in his first year, 1948/9, and his speeches, ceaselessly tolling the knell for a careless, heedless Western world, owe much to Toynbee's catalogue of so many cultures and their decline. From the perspective of *A Study*, Afghanistan is not just war and invasion. It is a portent, a sign. And Fraser is not the man to have caught up with the work of later historians, challenging the basis of Toynbee's apocalyptic grandiloquence.

His only biographer so far, John Edwards, observes that Fraser's ideas are 'banal, fixed and predictable . . . they do not so much develop as repeat themselves in different form'. Nothing illustrates Edwards' point better than Fraser's obsession with the USSR: he obstinately denigrated detente, and suggested that China and Japan should form an anti-Soviet Pacific bloc. He understands nothing of SALT and the development of nuclear weapons. His views on the subject formed when only America and Britain had the bomb. Pressed, Toynbee's admirer might argue that if the world could survive the Black Death, it could survive nuclear war.

FRASER HAS BEEN Prime Minister since November 1975, when Governor-General Sir John Kerr dismissed the Whitlam government on its budget being blocked in the Senate. (Sir John has since withdrawn to the Surrey stockbroker belt, and High Church politics. Let the vicar beware.) Having won against uncertain opposition in 1975 and 1977, Fraser was assumed to be a safe, if narrow, winner when he called the election which is now on the edge of decision: the Labour Party's achievement in making a neck-and-neck thing of it has been treated by commentators as something akin to the raising of Lazarus, but the key to the matter is the Prime Minister's own personality.

The fact that the Australian electorate distrusts big men — or anyway, men who have large ideas about themselves — worked for Fraser when Gough Whitlam was in office, and now it works against him. Even within his own party, and Cabinet, his authoritarian style of government has ensured that he is rich in enemies: if he hangs onto office, he will still have to fend off some extremely vindictive men.

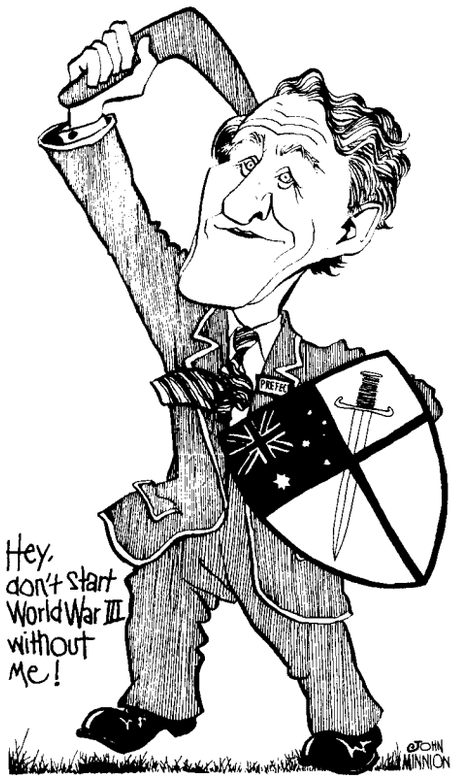
Characteristically, Fraser began by trying to make foreign affairs the theme of this campaign, announcing a scheme for US bombers, patrolling the Indian Ocean, to refuel in Australia. Labour, however, did not produce the hoped-for over-reaction; nor has there been much more success with suggestions that Australian ships might join the US Navy in operations designed to keep the Gulf open. What these incidents demonstrate is that Fraser is happiest trying to be a foreign-affairs president in the Menzies tradition, avoiding domestic commitment as far as possible.

This bias invalidates attempts to perceive Fraser as a kind of Antipodean Thatcher — and vice versa — though they are like enough in some regards to achieve cordial mutual dislike. Malcolm's particular offence in Thatcher's eyes occurred last year at the Commonwealth Conference when he had one of his men organise a press briefing to explain how the Australian statesman had saved the day over Rhodesia. It almost blew the deal.

They share, of course, visceral distrust of the Russian bear. But in Fraser's case — to the disappointment of Salisbury's whites — this made him one of the first pragmatists over Zimbabwe. And, apart from anything else, the Commonwealth provides Fraser with an extremely welcome foreign arena. He was host at the first CHOGRM in Sydney, and prominent at the most recent in New Delhi: only British readers will need to be reminded that the acronym stands for the Commonwealth Heads of Government Regional Meeting. New Delhi provided the opportunity for an open clash with another seemingly natural ally of Fraser's, the New Zealander William Muldoon. As a plain man's reactionary, Muldoon makes it recklessly clear that he cannot abide Fraser's Afro-Asian posturings.

THOUGH FRASER would never articulate it — and God help any Australian diplomat who did — Fraser must conduct Australia's foreign affairs in the presence of Gough Whitlam's political ghost. He must show that he does at least as well in the Third World. Whitlam, therefore, has been highly effective in pointing to the remarkable hypocrisy of Australia's support for Pol Pot. This owes little to US pressure, and much to Fraser's ultimately banal world-view. (Vietnam is a Soviet puppet: therefore support Pol Pot.) When foreign minister Andrew Peacock urged recently a review of the policy, Fraser's cabinet anticipated the autocrat's mind so precisely that the motion wasn't seconded.

Fraser rejected the offered resignation which would have freed Peacock — without reproach to his election-year party loyalty — to return to the back benches as a critic. Very much, Malcolm is about being and remaining top dog. It's for this reason that he has been tagged 'the Prefect', though in fact he was not a prefect at Melbourne Grammar School, because the head estimated that he was not a good mixer. 'Grammar' in the school's name should not trap the British reader into assuming any egalitarian background: it was roughly the Antipodean equivalent of Eton, and, prefect or not, it was there he developed the 'born to rule' style which grates on so many electors. Manipulation and ruthlessness, rather than leadership in the 'mixer's' sense, have been the distinguishing marks of his political career. The list of political allies betrayed runs easily into double figures: most recently Tony Staley, the MP who did more than any other to make Fraser the party leader, announced his retirement from politics after humiliation on several aspects of his portfolio. Should Fraser stumble, there will be no lack of fellow party members ready to hold him down while the boot goes in.



WHENEVER A CONSERVATIVE politician utters a few deep-sounding words, the reincarnation of Edmund Burke is announced. But, Toynbee and other trappings aside, there is nothing sophisticated about Fraser's politics: what's good for the rich is good for the country, and anyone else can go to the wall. Before rising to prime minister, he used to declare that Ayn Rand, novelist of the higher selfishness (*The Fountainhead,* etc) was 'required reading' for politicians. His only other recorded literary preference is for Mary Renault's novels of ancient Mediterranean life. These have not, however, converted him to tolerance of any old Greek tastes: in sexual mores he remains consistently repressive.

In economics, he has been strong on declamation, and sloppy on execution. He came to power on a burst of promises about beating inflation, reducing unemployment and eliminating budget deficits. He now asserts incorrectly that the first has been achieved, ignores the second and cheerily misleads on the third.

The hard-line monetarist advisers in the treasury, who thought Fraser would lead them into the Promised Land, are now in a frenzy. He has indeed attacked welfare spending, but for pork-barrel electoral tactics his government rivals Huey Long's Louisiana: to buy one rural seat Fraser is building a $A420 million railway against all public service advice, and in the bars of Canberra bitter treasury men will tell anyone who cares to listen that Malcolm has betrayed the cause of sound government and sound money.

What they failed to see was the essential cynicism of Malcolm Fraser. They believed he would be a responsible conservative merely because he said so: the truth is that Fraser will say or do anything to stay in power, and buy his way onto the international stages that tickle his fancy. He is fighting not only for power, but for a place in history as he conceives it. To lose now, or to win narrowly and be deposed, would tag him as an accidental prime minister, promoted by nothing more than a constitutional anomaly and the actions of a weak and frightened Governor-General.

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Prudential profile No. 6: Kenneth Fleet Reporting

Leading financial journalist and Sunday Express City Editor Kenneth Fleet talks to Jack Watling and his actress daughter, Debbie, on stage in the West End, with Prudential agent Nick Connor (extreme left).

"Jack Watling put his daughter on the stage with an encouraging prompt from the Pru!"

Actor Jack Watling and his actress daughter, Debbie, are among the 180,000 predominantly self-employed people who have retirement plans with the Prudential. The company has been a leader in the market since 1956, and has consistently featured among the top performers.

Kenneth Fleet: Jack, you are a brave man, not to say uncowardly, to put your daughter on the stage.

Jack Watling: I didn't put any of my children on the stage – they went on. Now they're aware of the nightmares of the business. We're the last of the casual labourers. No play, no pay. We're all self-employed people.

Fleet: So you've got to make your own pension arrangements?

Watling: Yes, indeed. And it's very important to do it earlier than I started, which is one of the reasons I persuaded Debbie to take out a Prudential pension policy.

Debbie Watling: He actually took out the first pension policy for me. Then I took out two endowment policies.

Watling: As an actor you can have a good year when you can afford to put some money into a policy, but you need to have some flexibility, so that if you have a bad year you can pay in what you can afford.

Fleet: Nick, what are the other characteristics of Jack's and Debbie's pension policies.

Nick Connor *(Prudential agent):* The benefits are flexible. You're not tied to a particular time when you can start to draw these benefits. You don't have to retire at the normal retiring age and you have a lot of choice over such things as lump sum payments.

Fleet: Debbie, does the word "pension" mean much to you?

Debbie Watling: When Nick first came up with the idea, I thought "Pension, that's a long way off", but of course I could see that it made sense. I'm a great believer in putting something aside, especially when £30 or more out of every £100 comes from the Taxman.

Watling: In our business we are wide open to insurance salesmen. Nick comes in and says "I'm the man from the Pru". A very honest and straightforward approach; never a hard sell. He's sold us our house insurance too.

Fleet: Nick, I don't suppose your plans for the self-employed are limited to the acting profession.

Connor: Most self-employed people tend to be attracted by our thinking on retirement. I also deal with quite a number of small limited companies (often husband and wife teams) where we can offer especially tax-advantageous schemes.

Fleet: How do you see your role in all this?

Connor: Self-employed people didn't come too well out of the Pensions Act of 1975. I think big insurance companies like ourselves have a responsibility to see their future is fairly catered for.

The Prudential's annual report and a folder of these Profiles are available from the Publicity Department, Prudential Assurance Company Ltd., 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.

Prudential

You don't know the half of it.

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Defence with a split mind

Picking up our Defence of Britain series from Mary Kaldor, LAWRENCE FREEDMAN says British policy-makers are avoiding a fundamental question. Is our defence effort designed to strengthen an essentially conventional European defensive structure, or is it meant to provide a staging-post for a possible movement of US forces? The two aims are no longer compatible.

IT IS NOW highly unlikely that Britain will be able to meet the target of a 3 per cent real increase in the defence budget for 1980-81. The 3 per cent target had had a symbolic significance as an alliance 'norm' since it was adopted by NATO ministers in May 1977. The implementation of this norm in Europe has been somewhat uneven but British Governments, both Labour and Conservative, have taken it seriously in an attempt to show a conscientious attitude to alliance responsiblities, despite the country's wretched economic condition.

The main significance of the 3 per cent target is that this is generally considered the minimum annual increase necessary to maintain a constant military capability. Costs in the defence sector rise faster than those elsewhere in the economy, mainly because of the extra sophistication required of new equipment as it replaces the old. Consequently if there is a slide away from this target in the coming years then major choices will have to be faced in defence policy with some urgency.

The experience is not new in the Ministry of Defence which has suffered more than most from the mismatch between Britain's post-war political aspirations and economic performance. It has had to abandon a worldwide system of bases, to the extent that Britain's defence effort is now almost wholly concentrated in Europe. The problem now is that the scope for further geographical contraction is limited. Future cuts must affect the quality of the contribution to NATO.

THIS PROSPECT has faced defence planners since the mid-1970s when short-term cuts were frequently imposed. Rather than attempt major reform, a process of incremental deterioration was tolerated, cutting not so much manpower and equipment levels, but training, fuel, stocks, spare parts and development programmes, in the hope that some North-Sea-Oil-induced economic recovery would result in the funds flowing sufficiently to retrieve the position. In the late 1970s, it appeared that this was happening and the crisis had been averted. When a Conservative Government took office at a time of deepening international tension, it was expected that the 1980s would be 'boom' years for defence. It was not going to be enough to maintain established capabilities: they were to be expanded to cope with a build-up of Soviet forces. For example, air defence was soon identified as one critical weakness. Soviet activity in the Third World encouraged notions of a modest return to 'East of Suez'. To add to this upward pressure on the budget, manpower costs are now rising (as the family planning of the 1960s affects the force planning of the 1980s) so that conditions and rates of pay have to be at attractive levels to recruit and hold skilled personnel.

To meet these requirements defence was allocated a high priority in medium-term expenditure plans, promising to make it an oasis of plenty among deprived spending departments. In practice, it has proved difficult to protect a privileged position against a Treasury unwilling to pass up any opportunity for immediate saving. Which is why there is now a return to the familiar pattern of a moratorium on civilian recruitment and equipment orders.

Realists in the Ministry of Defence have long recognized that the current range of activities could not be sustained indefinitely and that hard choices would have to be made sometime in the 1980s, but it had been hoped that they could at least be postponed until the second half of the decade. This may not now be the case.

THE DIFFICULTY of the decisions that will have to be made stems not so much from the intellectual problems of sorting out the nature of the Soviet challenge, or anticipating technological advances or penetrating the mysteries of modern strategic theory (though these are difficult enough) but in confronting the fragile political compromise that is expressed and reinforced by the annual defence estimates. This compromise is between the three services, with subsidiary compromises in each service. Any suggestion that one service must make sacrifices in some traditional activity — to allow the other two to continue unimpaired — promises a row of the sort last heard when the Navy were told in the 1960s that they could have no more aircraft carriers. This compromise can be detected in the remarkably stable ratio between the budgetary allocations to the services over the years; in the way the Navy, whatever its size, clings to the concept of a 'balanced fleet'; and in how costs, when they come, are distributed on the basis of equal misery.

This is not the only political factor limiting the defence planners' freedom of manoeuvre. There is a large defence industry to be cared for. Considerable sums could be saved by importing equipment off-the-shelf from the United States but this would generally be considered harmful to employment and the country's technological base. Even the most left-wing opponents of defence spending feel obliged to seek ways of mitigating the unemployment consequences of their policies, through schemes (of varying degrees of plausibility) to convert from military to civilian production.

THE FINAL political constraint is Britain's position within NATO. Some contribution is made at every level and in every area of NATO's activities. In particular, it is claimed that BAOR is critical to the cohesion of the alliance: if the United States is to continue to base its forces on the continent, the Europeans must demonstrate that they are doing their 'bit'; if Germany is to have a sense of 'belonging' to NATO all must show determination to protect the Federal Republic's territorial integrity by forward basing. In addition, of course, there is the sensitivity of the issue in Anglo-German bilateral issues in which harm can be done by even talking of cuts in the British presence on the Rhine.

The consequence of all these pressures is that Britain has a force structure that is a miniaturised version of that of a much larger power. It has preserved at least in embryo (or more accurately in rump) a full range of military capabilities.

As David Greenwood of the University of Aberdeen never tires of pointing out, this force structure cannot be sustained indefinitely in the prevailing economic conditions. Decisions will have to be made on priorities; something will have to give. Furthermore it is far better that this be done as part of a deliberate long-term policy than in a short-term financial emergency. Crisis cuts are inefficient, affecting areas readily available for cuts (the next equipment order) rather than those which most deserve them. Choice is imposed: new shipbuilding can be more readily adjusted to cash flows than, say, a major withdrawal from Germany, which could take years to arrange and would be quite expensive in the short-term (because of redundancy pay and the need to construct elsewhere new barracks to accommodate the troops after withdrawal).

THE ISSUE has been brought to the fore faster than expected under the Conservative Government not only because of the difficulty faced by the Ministry of Defence in living within its cash limits but because of the £5 billion price-tag of the Trident nuclear missiles. Critics have argued that the money can only be found through severe cuts elsewhere. However, while Trident represents a large commitment, the financial burden will be spread out over a number of years. Abandoning it might ease, but would certainly not solve, the long-term problem and would provide little relief in the short-term.

The real choice to be faced is not so much between conventional and nuclear forces as between the two major conventional roles — a continental commitment to the alliance's forward defences, aimed at holding any invasion as far East as possible without premature use of nuclear weapons, or concentration on the rear, helping to ease the passage of American reinforcements across the Atlantic and secure the United Kingdom as a base for launching counter-attacks.

In terms of a distinctive British military contribution it is the second option that makes most sense, but politically it is the former that carries most weight. The choice depends on a view as to whether it is the stable alliance structure or the military stand-off that has been the major cause of peace in Europe over the past three decades. The key point is, however, that the choice itself cannot be avoided for much longer.

Lawrence Freedman is Head of Policy Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and author of Britain and Nuclear Weapons, *published last month by Macmillan (£3.25).*

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If you find an advertisement unacceptable, don't turn the page: turn to us.

Millions of advertisements appear every year in our newspapers, magazines, on posters, in the cinema, or by direct mail. All but a small number are legal, decent, honest and truthful. They comply with the British Code of Advertising Practice – a set of rules governing all print and cinema advertising.

To give you an idea of the sort of detail the Code contains, here is one of the rules:

11. 4.1 *All descriptions, claims and comparisons which relate to matters of objectively ascertainable fact should be capable of substantiation.*

If you come across one of the few offending advertisements, we, the Advertising Standards Authority, would like to hear about it.

It's our job to protect consumers and to keep advertising up to standard. And one of our aims is to make sure that consumers know how to complain if and when they need to.

What is the ASA?

The ASA is an independent body. Although it is financed by the advertising industry (who are, incidentally, as interested as is the consumer in banning unacceptable advertising), it works independently of the industry. It has to be independent to be fair and unbiased about consumers' complaints.

For this reason, the Chairman is independent and so are the majority of the Council members. For instance, in the last year we have had a consumerist, a Methodist Minister and a Member of the House of Lords on the Council.

Under the Council's supervision, a full-time secretariat works to make sure that the Code is being adhered to by the advertising industry. And that decisions made by the ASA are being enforced.

What happens to an advertiser who breaks the Code?

If we believe the consumer's complaint is valid, we contact the advertiser. He will be instructed to remove the advertisement or amend it accordingly.

Because advertisers know we have teeth, the system works very quickly and effectively.

It also has the blessing of the owners of the vast majority of the country's newspapers, magazines, poster sites and cinemas, who don't hesitate to withdraw an advertisement which contravenes the Code and who would not run an advertisement which we have banned. (By the way, TV and radio advertising are dealt with by the Independent Broadcasting Authority.)

Does the ASA keep up with changing attitudes in society?

Yes. We carry out consumer research into areas of interest. For instance, at the moment, we are looking into children's reactions to advertisements. Having assessed the research findings, we will amend our Code if we feel it is out-of-date.

Does the ASA simply react to complaints from the public?

No. We conduct our own monitoring system. We regularly look at specific areas of advertising and check that advertisers are adhering to the Code without being prompted to do so.

So, if you find an advertisement unacceptable, don't turn the page. To help us keep advertising up to standard, turn to us – the Advertising Standards Authority.

If you would like to know more about the way we operate, please write to us at the address below.

The Advertising Standards Authority.
If an advertisement is wrong, we're here to put it right.

ASA Ltd., Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

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The bribe machine

Mrs Thatcher has publicly endorsed the efforts of Britain's arms salesmen, headed by the Ministry of Defence's own company — International Military Services Ltd. But IMS's business is bad, and prospects poor.

- **Their business is failing. So IMS has doctored its accounts to turn a £½ million loss into a £6 million profit.**
- **The Directors of IMS have probably broken the Companies Acts.**
- **They have acted in the arms business as a channel for giving bribes or special 'commissions'.**
- **As recently as January, a payment of £½ million was made by IMS to a secret codenamed Swiss bank account.**
- **If IMS makes a loss, the taxpayer pays up. Yet the Ministry of Defence want more public money put into loss-making arms dealing.**
- **The company and the Ministry have hidden away £300 million of Iranian money which they don't intend to pay back.**

DUNCAN CAMPBELL reveals, with the aid of defence industry 'moles', the tawdry inside story of IMS and the arms dealers. Research by DAVID POYSER.

Left: IMS Chairman Sir John Cuckney (bottom) and his deputy Mike Cotton (top) lead IMS's directors; centre, IMS's headquarters in Westminster present a similar appearance to ordinary government offices; right, Sir Shapoor Reporter after his investiture, a bauble to add to the millions he received from IMS for himself and leading Iranians.

THE STORY OF BRITAIN'S arms dealers has, for the last ten years, been the story of the Shah of Iran, his imperial ambitions, and his corrupt and militarist regime. Most of the deals with the Shah of Iran were in the hands of a little known but significant government owned company — originally called Millbank Technical Services (MTS), a progeny of the Crown Agents, but latterly owned and run by the Ministry of Defence as International Military Services Ltd. This company is the lynchpin of a new strategy for selling yet more weapons abroad — a strategy Mrs Thatcher acclaimed at a recent dinner when she feted the £1.2 billion worth of arms and accessories that the MoD say will go abroad this year. Mrs Thatcher told the dinner: 'it's a handy sum, it's quite a large sum. But, gentlemen, it is not enough.'

The *New Statesman* has evidence that much of MTS/IMS's task has been the bribery, directly or indirectly, of overseas government officials. In the last three years, we have evidence of £2.5 million worth of such 'commission' payments. As recently as January this year, IMS sent £491,000 to a codenamed and numbered bank account in Switzerland. The company have offered no explanation of how this payment fits in with their normal trading — which involves paying *British* firms for goods, and selling those abroad.

The *New Statesman* also has firm evidence that IMS's latest annual accounts for 1979 — which were filed at Companies House during August — have been cooked up to present a misleading impression to parliament and public. In draft accounts produced for IMS management in April 1980, and a copy of which we have, IMS showed a trading loss of £522,000. By the time these were published in August, this had become a trading profit of £6.566 million, a remarkable change. This apparent turnaround in IMS's fortunes was achieved by removing from the accounts all reference to some £7 million of interest that IMS had received from banking clients' and creditors' money.

These alterations have two effects. First, they might have helped to convince doubting MPs who the MoD had shortly hoped would back a Defence Sales Bill, and in particular the vigilant Public Accounts Committee, that IMS is doing well, and that selling weaponry is sufficiently profitable to overcome awkward moral scruples. Secondly, IMS and the Ministry of Defence are extremely anxious to conceal that they have about £300 million of the Iranian government's money, paid in advance for tanks which have not reached and will not reach Iran. The tanks — called Shir Iran and based on the British Army's Chieftain — were being produced before the revolution. The Ministry of Defence will be claiming for losses on the cancelled contract but even elastic official accountancy will not stretch their claims as far as the £300 million which they — and IMS — have now got sitting safely in the bank. Official documents which we have seen show that the MoD has no intention of handing any of it back to the Iranians, and consequently the money has just been sifted away from IMS's published accounts. The MoD refuse to say how large the termination claims may be, stressing that hundreds of subcontractors are involved. They wish to pocket any cash left over.

DESPITE MRS THATCHER's enthusiasm for the arms trade, and the official plans for developing IMS, at the moment the arms business is extremely depressed. IMS's turnover, which rose through the 1970s to over £250 million in 1978, was a mere £38 million in 1979. It will be only slightly more this year. They have cut staff back from over 700 to 135. At the beginning of the year, their only

IMS International Military Services Limited

4 Abbey Orchard Street London SW1P 2JJ
Telephone 01-222 8090 Telex 8813297 8813298

CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1979

	£'000
TURNOVER	38,174
TRADING PROFIT/(LOSS) before the release of excess provisions made as at 31 December 1978 for losses on Iranian contracts and before taxation (Note 3)	6,566

IMS's profit and loss account, before (left) and after it was altered to conceal the company's trading loss. The new accounts are misleading and hence illegal.

INTERNATIONAL MILITARY SERVICES LIMITED

CONSOLIDATED PROFITS AND LOSS ACCOUNTS
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1979

	£'000
TURNOVER	38,174
Trading loss before the release of excess provisions made as at 31 December 1978 for losses on Iranian contracts and before interest and taxation (Note 3)	(522)

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14th January 1980.

The Manager,
Midland Bank Limited,
Poultry & Princes Street,
LONDON EC2P 2BX.

Attention: G L Fisher Esq. (Overseas Dept)

Dear Sir,

We enclose herewith telegraphic transfer form relating to a payment of £491,476.09 (Four hundred and ninety one thousand four hundred and seventy six pounds and nine pence only) to the undernoted:

ACCOUNT NO: 183118 LIGHT
Credit Suisse,

This letter (left) from IMS finance director Patrick Mooney ordered £491,476.09 to be sent to Switzerland. IMS refuse to explain the payment, or say who received it.

customers were Kenya, Tanzania, Malawi, Morocco and Kuwait. Iran had by 1977 provided 95 per cent of MTS/IMS's turnover and even more of its profit. With Iran gone IMS made a loss of £12½ million in 1978 and, as the confidential draft accounts show (see page 12), a £½ million trading loss in 1979.

To help bolster IMS's sagging turnover, the MoD has recently given the company exclusive rights to sell the guns and ammunition made by the Royal Ordnance Factories. The new arrangement also helps put bribes, 'commissions' and 'consultancy' rackets at second hand to the MoD, whose own forays into the weapons business have been less than successful: in 1977 the Public Accounts Committee discovered that the MoD was losing on its weapon sales because they did not make sure that their customers paid up.

IMS's new work has been taken over from the MoD's existing Defence Sales Organisation, who have also been ordered to get all business they can for IMS. One former middle eastern government official who has been approached by IMS told us:

> Their brochure would have breached the Trades Description Act in Britain. It was full of pictures of British defence establishments which IMS claimed they had the skills to build. But they had never done any of it.

IMS have failed to win recent business or confidence in Britain's other middle eastern client state, Oman. But, two large contracts have turned up to salve IMS's fortunes slightly. Some of the Shir Iran (modified Chieftain) tanks which the Iranians didn't want any more have been sold to Jordan. And in January, Saudi Arabia signed a contract worth between £50 and £100 million for unspecified defence equipment. The Jordanian tank deal includes about 20 armoured recovery vehicles originally intended for the Shah at £720,000 each. The Jordanians have received this job lot at the 'bargain' price of £850,000 each.

More seriously, there is the question of who received £490,000 from IMS in January of this year. A letter in the *New Statesman's* possession (see left) shows that IMS's finance director, Patrick Mooney, ordered the payment from the Midland Bank to Credit Suisse in Zurich on 14 January 1980. The money went into a numbered account — no 183118 — which had the codename 'LIGHT'. Since none of IMS's major suppliers are abroad, this payment is wholly unusual. It follows directly the signing of the Saudi Arabian contract, and comes two months after the Jordanian contract. Both contracts are worth about £100 million. Business experts to whom we have shown these particulars have little doubt that the payment is a secret 'commission' which, when passed on to the customary group of generals becomes, unequivocally, a 'bribe'.

We asked IMS last week specifically and separately whether they would acknowledge making the payment and whether it was a commission for Saudi agents. They replied:

> In order to maintain the accepted standards of commercial confidentiality, the Company does not answer questions about detailed specific transactions.

IMS denied the payment was connected with the Saudi Arabian contract but have refused to say with what it *is* connected. It is, perhaps, a

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matter that both the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons — and the Saudi government — may wish to investigate. The Saudis would be particularly sensitive, as their contract specifically proscribes 'contingent' fees' or bribes! Clause 13 of the contract threatens that the 'Contract shall be terminated and the Contractor's name shall be crossed out from the list of approved contractors' if a bribe, 'directly or indirectly' reaches a concerned Saudi government official.

IN REALITY, bribery is entrenched in the weapons business and few, if any, contracts are struck without the accompanying payments sideways to Swiss bank accounts. IMS claimed to us last week that, as a British government organisation, they would never pay bribes. This claim is directly contradicted by evidence given by Sir Lester Suffield, former head of the MoD's Defence Sales Organisation, who admitted in a 1978 corruption case that MTS and the MoD had offered payments to government officials on at least one occasion which he claimed was, however, 'not carried out'.

One businessman who worked closely with MTS in the Middle East had a different, succint view of their original role; they had to 'pay off top-level officials' which meant, in Iran, paying at least one per cent of every Iranian contract to Sir Shapoor Reporter, who lubricated the path of every arms deal with Iran by acting as a conduit for payments to the Shah's Pavlahvi Fund and elsewhere. While MTS paid off the top people, the British firms involved also had the use of 'King Street facilities' — a reference to the use of the Foreign Office's diplomatic bag for transferring necessary suitcases of cash to pay off lower level officials.

Until the early 1970s, MTS were a very different sort of business to their present day successor, International Military Services. They were selling, in 1970, sewage systems to Uganda, vehicles to Jamaica, and machine tools to Argentina. This modest civil engineering consultancy — part of the services provided by the Crown Agents — was quickly turned to other purposes. Behind the change was Lester Suffield, running the recently founded Defence Sales Organisation in the MoD. His Iranian contact, Indian born Shapoor Reporter was a close confidant of the Shah, and had been a key figure in the 1952 coup which replaced Mossadeq's democratic government with the Shah's recently overthrown autocracy. Together, Suffield and Reporter worked to satisfy the Shah's imperial and military plans. Their first major coup was the sale of 800 Chieftain tanks, which the Shah ordered from Millbank Technical Services. Reporter, the government later admitted, took one per cent on this deal — over a million pounds. This was the 'standard procedure'.

A stream of Iranian contracts followed. One such MTS contract, to fit the Chieftain tanks with radios, led to a 1978 corruption trial at the Old Bailey in which the former signals adviser to the Defence Sales Organisation Major David Randel was convicted of accepting bribes from Racal, the electronics company. The deal initially involved the usual one per cent to Reporter — who later met with Randel, the British Defence Attache in Tehran, and a Racal executive to arrange another two per cent for a group of Iranian generals.

MTS were the principals in many deals which came to light in the 1978 court case, not all of which came off. Deals involving payment to government officials were arranged in Kuwait, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Nigeria. In Kuwait, a 'band of four' military officers demanded a collective 10 per cent on another Chieftain tanks radio deal with MTS and the MoD — and were offered it. In Saudi Arabia, an agent called Fustock shared 10 per cent with IMS/MTS, and he passed money to members of the royal family.

Racal were also desperate to get involved in a giant Iran Police scheme for a national communications network. Racal chairman Ernest Harrison formed an astonishingly close relationship with Major Randel, wining and dining him, visiting boxing matches and expensive nightclubs with him — even allowing him, quite irregularly, to sign restaurant bills on Racal's account. Randel was responsible for advising MTS and the Defence Sales Organisation on technically suitable contractors, Racal were selected as MTS's partners for the Iran Police Scheme.

One businessman familiar with MTS explained that their role as a convenient government front was so as 'not to soil the government's hands'. It combined the cachet of a government organisation with the ability to more readily handle the necessary payola.

By 1978, the Shah had granted MTS/IMS more than 300 separate contracts for everything from tanks and ammunition to dockyards, ordnance factories, frigates, armoured cars and supply ships. A recent contract, for £½m worth of CS gas and 'anti-riot' equipment, remains undelivered and IMS have been seeking customers for it at a knock-down £50,000 before its 3 year shelf life expires.

The plums in the MTS's creamy Iranian pudding were the two largest British arms contracts ever seen. One was for the sale of almost 1500 new and improved Chieftain tanks — with new engines and incorporating the new 'Chobham armour', an advance that was to have been denied to the British army until 1990. The tanks came in two phases — about 250 with the new engines, known as the Shir Iran 1; and the remainder with Chobham Armour, Shir Iran 2. The Ministry of Defence and IMS, in difficulty trying to sell the tanks off to other countries which didn't love the Shah, now refer to the tanks by their internal development number — FV (Fighting Vehicle) 4030.

The second major contract was for the Shah's ambitious Military Industrial Complex at Esfahan, south of Tehran — 'ESMIC', which was to manufacture tank spares, guns, and a wide range of ammunition; enough, even, for Iran to sell abroad. On the final plans, ESMIC would have taken 8 years to build, and cost the Iranians £885 million. It was the largest contract British construction firms had then seen. From slow start to inglorious finish, MTS staff bungled all the way.

IN JUNE 1976, Defence Secretary Roy Mason publicly confirmed for the first time that Iran had signed up for the supply of at least 1200 of the Shir Iran (or 4030) tanks. With an estimated total price of well over £500 million, the tanks would provide new business and employment at the Leeds Royal Ordinance Factory and for main subcontractors Rolls Royce, Vickers and David Brown. Privately, some MTS staff celebrated the whole venture as 'Operation Champagne'. Shapoor Reporter also celebrated. As part of the price for the first few deals, in 1973, he had demanded — and got — a knighthood, a dignity shared by his colleague Sir Lester Suffield. Now Reporter upped his ante and asked for 1.5 per cent on the 4030 deal. He got it. According to official documents, copies of which *New Statesman* has received, Reporter has been paid £2,550,000 in so-called 'consultancy' on the 4030 deal. He is actually owed another £1.6 million by MTS, but he has not been seen since a visit to London in September last year and his present whereabouts are unknown. In the unlikely event of him turning up to claim more of his loot, our sources indicate that MTS will not now be paying up.

The money which IMS has received on the 4030 deal is at the root of their greatest embarrassment. The Iranians were required to lavishly 'prefund' the deal, to pay for research and development (to get the Chobham armour into mass production) and tooling up at ROF, Leeds. To date they have paid just over £280 million — and have not received any 4030 tanks at all.

The MoD do not intend that any of this money will go back to the Iranians, who terminated the contract in February 1979. Although the MoD will be entitled to levy large claims against the Iranians, they are certainly unlikely to amount to £280 million. We have seen documents describing the MoD's attitude in detail, in particular negotiations between MoD and IMS over the problem. The MoD have allowed IMS to keep 1 per cent of the cash for themselves, £2.55m has already been paid to Reporter, and there is the possibility of a tip for IMS out of the cash left in the Ministry's

STUDENTS

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THE GUARDIAN 12 AUGUST 1980

More young jobless threaten suicide

Suicide calls to the Samaritans by unemployed young people in the North East have risen sharply in recent months, the charity said yesterday.
Following an inquest this month which heard how a 23-year-old policeman's son burned himself to death because he was depressed at being jobless for two years, Samaritans officials have revealed they are handling hundreds of calls from young people.

DAILY EXPRESS 31 JULY 1980

Finding a way through the Teenage Maze...

CHILD experts have helped to confuse parents and make them unsure of how to handle their own teenagers.

MORNING STAR 23 JULY 1980

Cuts hit handicapped

The government's priorities yesterday resulted in plans to give 58,000 mentally handicapped people a better chance of leading normal lives being put back.

MORNING STAR 4 JULY 1980

Popping pills for all your ills

Why is it that some general practitioners issue a prescription to practically every patient they see, while others prescribe for only one in seven. There is no logical explanation for the enormous differences in prescribing habits.
It certainly is no indication of the severity of illness dealt with, since these variations can be found between doctors working in the same area.

IF HEADLINES LIKE THESE ARE ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, THEN READING MIND OUT MIGHT HELP.

MIND OUT SEPTEMBER 1979

Man versus machines

The stressful effects of the new technology. Barry Sherman suggests that as machines take over more of the work done by men, there may be a holocaust of psychological disturbances.

MIND OUT NOVEMBER 1979

How will they treat me if I get screwed up?

In 1979, International Year of the Child, about 700,000 children have suffered some psychiatric disorder. But how effective is child psychiatry?

MIND OUT JANUARY 1980

Mental health is a top priority in the USA

John Draper reports on the new American Mental Health Systems Bill, (based on the work of Rosalynn Carter's commission), which promises more money, better services and a Bill of Rights for mentally ill people.

MIND OUT MAY 1980

The Mind-Benders

In the first of a major new series on drugs, Malcolm Lader, Professor of Psychopharmacology at the Institute of Psychiatry, writes on the history of mind-altering substances, from alchohol to psychotropic drugs.

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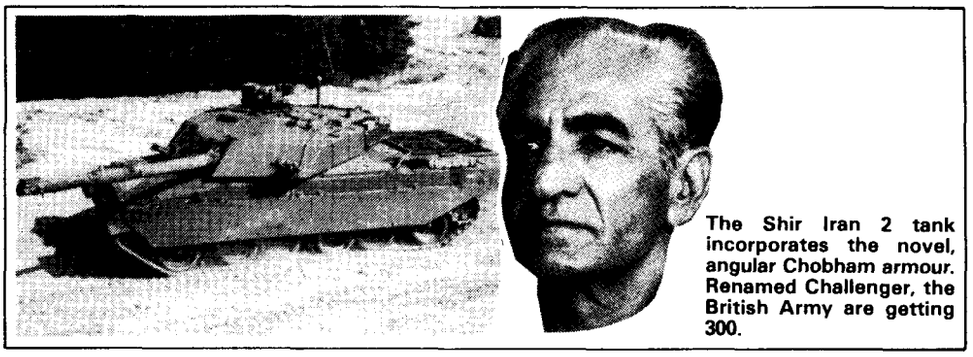

The Shir Iran 2 tank incorporates the novel, angular Chobham armour. Renamed Challenger, the British Army are getting 300.

hands.

At a meeting at the MoD in August last year, the Ministry of Defence negotiators were warned that IMS might face claims of at least £214 million from Iran (by IMS's senior outside auditor, D. S. Crowther of Price Waterhouse). However, Crowther and IMS's Financial Director Patrick Mooney were instructed by the MoD (who hold all but one of IMS's one million shares) not to provide for paying back the Iranians a single Rial. Their instructions came from the Assistant Under Secretary of State for Defence Sales, Hugh Braden, and his colleagues John Davy and Tony Burns.

The MoD told IMS and its auditors to hide away the Iranian cash in their accounts by treating the advance payment as a debt to the Ministry of Defence, not to the Iranian government. The total of this debt was to be reduced by deducting from it the £120 million which IMS had already handed over to the MoD, leaving a balance of around £95 million in the 1978 accounts. This was subsumed under the general heading of creditors. The MoD had a further problem — the law required that IMS's 1978 accounts be published by October 1979 and a particularly keen MoD official John Davy feared that even the sight of the £95m figure in IMS's accounts would trigger an Iranian enquiry into the matter of their prepayment funds. IMS were told to apply to the Board of Trade for three months grace so that the accounts would not be published until after the MoD had tried to get back into the business of selling arms to Iran.

Davy has also helped draw up the official MoD line on the problem of the Iranian cash, in response to enquiries both from ourselves and also the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons. This 'line' is that the 4030 contract termination has created 500 negotiations with 700 subcontractors, will use up almost all the (unspecified) amount received, and will take an inordinately long time — sufficiently long, it is no doubt hoped, for the Iranians to forget all about it. Details of the exact amount received, say the MoD, are 'commercially confidential'. By the start of 1980, the MoD had pocketed all but a tenth of the Iranians' £281 million prepayments, some £253 million.

THE CANCELLATION OF the 4030 contract by the revolutionary government has, however, forced the MoD to replan its whole tank programme. At the time of cancellation over 100 tanks were in varying stages of production, although none had been delivered. In November, IMS sold all these and more to the Jordanians, which will make a considerable difference to the amount the MoD may legitimately claim from Iran. Three hundred Shir Iran 2 tanks will also go to the British Army, renamed Challenger. Although the Challenger will reach the army earlier than the Chieftain replacement, MBT80, was planned to do, and may be cheaper, it still has a lot of the Chieftain's disadvantages, particularly the suspension. Experts comment that it is scarcely sensible to base our defence procurement policy on the fortunes and 'whims of a despot'.

Despite the cancellation of most of IMS's contracts by the new government, the MoD have not given up. In November, MoD Under-secretary Braden visited Tehran and returned with a new 'Memorandum of Understanding'. The Iranians then coughed up a further £2.5 million prepayment for ammunition they badly wanted. After the American hostages were seized, however, the Foreign Office ordered trading links to be cut off. IMS still retain this cash — and forlorn hopes of going back into business with Iran. Throughout the period the hostages have been held in Tehran, IMS have been quietly running a local office with locally recruited staff to keep 'contact' with the new military leaders, despite government policy on trading sanctions against Iran.

REPEATED EXAMPLES of IMS's difficulties in management and finance have arisen on these major Iranian projects. One source notes that the 'heavy use of seconded staff has traditionally weakened the company's management', and that its financial skills were unfavourably influenced by its sponsors, the Crown Agents, who became insolvent in 1974. Despite repeated attempts to improve IMS's financial precision, they still have 'poor standards of accounting'.

The greatest white elephant has been the ESMIC arms factory. The original MTS set up a consortium with contractors Wimpey and Laing to build the project in 1972, and signed a contract with the Iranian Military Organisation in 1974. This was done, according to the *New Civil Engineer* magazine — which investigated the entire project two years ago — 'without completing the necessary detailed design work' or even a precise contract. The project started sluggishly in April 1975; by 1976, after paying them over £53 million, the Iranians sacked MTS and expelled their staff, infuriated by MTS's lack of proper accounting in Iran and the soaring estimated costs — which started at £300 million and soon topped £770m under a 1976 'cost control plan'. Before reconsidering the project, the Iranians, suspecting considerable corruption as well as carelessness, insisted on having IMS's accounts in London and Iran audited independently.

To try and restore the deal, Defence Sales chief Ronald Ellis visited the Shah during July 1977, and re-negotiated the construction of Esfahan for £885 million. MTS borrowed proper engineering expertise from outside consultants W. S. Atkins and partners and started work again in the spring of 1978, only to be stopped in less than a year by the revolution.

IMS are now engaged in a battle over a £8.5 million claim against them by former partners Wimpey and Laing. Because the contract has not been cancelled, but suspended by IMS, in line with government policy and their own difficulties, the companies are claiming that the ESMIC has been scrapped 'for political reasons'. IMS's directors are cheerfully ignoring this claim. If Wimpey and Laing succeed, IMS will dig its hands into public funds at the Ministry of Defence, under the terms of various admitted and secret 'indemnities'.

At Dorud, where they contracted with Vickers and Costain to build a tank repair workshop, MTS are expecting to have to cough up up to £39 million — £28 million to Costain and the rest to Vickers — as the result of the collapse of the contract. Once again the public purse — in the form of the Export Credits Guarantee Department, with which the contract was insured — will bear 90 per cent of the cost. IMS are hopeful that ECGD will not become aware of allegations by Costain of 'maladministration' by IMS, who say that IMS ordered defective and ultimately unuseable steel from an Indian supplier, and should have known better.

ECGD are also funding another IMS loss, on a scheme to supply Iran with naval training equipment made by Ferranti. ECGD have already paid up — and overpaid by £570,000. IMS are endeavouring not to repay this, by making doubtful claims against the Iranians to justify their original estimates of losses. At the Iranian naval base of Bandar Abbas, on the Gulf of Hormuz, IMS have also been responsible for constructing docks, dry docks and a naval control centre. This project has not been without incident. One entertaining tale concerns a joint venture for dredging the harbour, between IMS and a Greek entrepreneur called Kelefthakis. Kelefthakis however just disappeared in 1977, and may not have survived the revolution. To tidy matters up, IMS, who owed his company at least £600,000, wrote to him in 1978 offering to settle up for £60,000. Since Kelefthakis has not turned up to claim even this derisory sum, the IMS board have been endeavouring to arrive at ingenious excuses for writing this handy little debt off altogether.

IMS have not found difficulty playing the traditional immoral role of the 'merchants of death' — selling to both sides of a conflict. According to IMS documents we have seen, these conflicts include Algeria and Morocco; and Uganda and Tanzania. According to one well-informed source, Iraq as well as Iran has dealt with IMS.

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH

Truth is that which is. Our being aware more fully of this reality is a matter of the development of the relevant but normally dormant faculties. We can know much more about the inner and spiritual realms of nature than is generally realised. The religion of truth is a matter of direct experience rather than adherence to dogma and belief.

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IMS DO NOT in fact operate according to the conventional wisdom of capitalism — an entrepreneur taking a risk, and making a profit on venture capital. IMS risks only money belonging to the public. And they make most, and sometimes all of their profits, not through trading but through receiving interest on large advance payments normally made for weapons and ammunition. IMS's unique situation as a Government firm allows them to collect large sums in advance, and pay out to the MoD much later. Their interest last year was apparently earned mostly from advance payments from Kenya, Morocco, Tanzania and Iran, and from holding on to cash which they owed the Ministry of Defence and other suppliers.

As the Public Accounts Committee noted in examining MoD Permanent Secretary Sir Frank Cooper about IMS in February this year, IMS never actually takes the risks. They have an agreement that the MoD (ie the public) will take the loss on any deal that goes wrong when the goods are produced by the Royal Ordnance Factories. If the goods come from private firms, almost all losses are insured by the ECGD. 'It's not an independent company in any sense of the word,' one accountant who has looked at our IMS papers said.

IMS is, quite simply, the contract handling — and 'commission' dispensing — front for the MoD. This is a role it has long had, even though it has only fairly recently been taken over from the Crown Agents and its name changed to International Military Services.

We have shown IMS's draft and published 1979 annual accounts to qualified accountants, who say that the published accounts are misleading to anyone reading them. Since the 1948 Companies Act requires accounts to be 'true and fair' and not misleading, the Directors appear to have committed offences under Section 149 of the Act. The section provides for fines of £200 — or six months imprisonment if the offence is deliberate.

The *New Statesman* has evidence that the original, unaltered Draft Accounts were circulated to all the directors on 12 May 1980 by IMS Financial division head Ian Taylor. Taylor also circulated them to Hugh Braden at the Ministry of Defence, noting that 'it would be appreciated if the information were not widely circulated within MoD', and that the accounts should then be filed within a week. In fact it was a further three months before the accounts were filed — significantly altered and quite misleading. However, the Directors forgot to alter an accounting policy statement that 'interest received . . . (is) not considered (a) normal element of contract profit and loss': as explained above, the accounts had been altered to conceal the trading loss *and* the interest received.

In so doing, the Directors had changed the basis of their accounts and had to adjust — unannounced, arguably another Companies Act offence — the old 1978 accounts to fit. They also deleted from the accounts an estimate of possible variations of over £100 million in their figures depending on future developments. But they could not remove the accountants' qualification on their accounts, which warned that they were unable to say whether the accounts were either 'true and fair' or even 'whether the accounts comply in all respects with the Companies Acts'. This disclaimer was ascribed to Iranian problems. But it nevertheless qualifies every aspect of the accounts.

We asked IMS managing Director Roy Orford last week to explain the sudden and unexplained change in the accounts. He replied in writing that:

> IMS . . . deny that there has been any intention in presenting the 1979 Accounts to fail to conform with the full provisions of the 1948 and 1967 Companies Acts.

They do not deny, it appears, breaking the Acts, and add:

> Consideration was given to the question of interest and it is believed that the accounts comply with the relevant disclosure requirements of the Acts.

But they do not deny that the accounting may not be 'true and fair' as required by law.

Auditors Price Waterhouse said that 'it would not be proper for us to expand on the company's statement,' which had been prepared 'after consultation' with them. A spokesman acknowledged that the statement did not deny possible offences.

IMS — and the Ministry of Defence's — ambition is to get £50 to £100 million worth of public backing and launch IMS out into new, non-Iranian markets. In February, the MoD mentioned the possibility of a new Bill to give their subsidiary this lucrative relaunch. It is a relaunch that few MPs will surely now wish to back. The only purpose of continuing such a quasi-private company is to remove its affairs, conducted at public risk, from public scrutiny — and to keep out of sight unsavoury bribery and other ethical unpleasantries of arms dealing. Further investigation of IMS's unexplained subventions to Switzerland, and possible illegal accounting adjustments may help convince MPs that arms dealing in the public's name must be conducted — if at all — by responsible public servants.

Is the USSR going west?

Acute shortages, bottlenecks and mounting economic difficulties almost amount to a crisis in the Soviet Union's centralized planning system.
Could it be that only a major change from the present production-based economy to a more Western-style decentralized, market-based economy will overcome the creeping demoralisation and even more serious problems that could lie ahead?
In this first of a series of articles in which distinguished scholars examine the long term, underlying trends in the world's major trouble spots, Alec Nove looks at Russia's future.

Also in this week's issue:

* Sir Hermann Bondi on 'Scientists in Whitehall'
* Maurice Bloch on Anthropology Journals
* The Natural History Museum

Every Friday

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The new flail cutter (above) and other machines are chopping down hedges all over the country. Left: Graffham Down, West Sussex, in July 1979. Opposite: the same spot after agricultural 'improvement'.

ENVIRONMENT

Death to the unofficial rose

In her book *The Theft of the Countryside, published this week, MARION SHOARD explains how the unique character of the English landscape is being destroyed by a combination of massive state subsidies and a technological revolution. Last week, we reported on the £4½ billion we pay out for the farmers. This week we look at the new farming technology and its impact on the countryside. We expose the farmers' phoney case for self-sufficiency in food, and summarise Ms Shoard's proposals.**

'FARMERS WANT MORE TRACTOR POWER and the figures prove it', declared *Farmers Weekly* in November 1978, reporting a Ministry of Agriculture machinery census which showed a big increase in the number of tractors using more than 82 horsepower. The weight of these powerful machines has to be spread, or the soil will compact too much: the spreading of the weight on dual tyres attached to each wheel increases the width of the track. This is often extended further by giant attachments behind, like the 12-furrow plough.

These machines need large sweeps in which to turn. It is clearly easier for them to operate if hedgerows, copses and other such 'obstructions' are removed. So bulldozers and hydraulic lifters have been developed to clear the way. By attaching special blades and a lifter to his tractor, a farmer can rid himself of a mile-long hedge in an afternoon: 30 years ago it would have taken him several days.

To keep down weeds and crop diseases, farmers no longer need to rely on clean seed, hoeing and the restriction of cultivation to the times of the year that favour the crop rather than the weed. Instead, they can spray the land with herbicides, insecticides, molluscicides, rodenticides and avicides. The amount of nitrogen fertiliser applied to farmland in the UK increased eight-fold between 1953 and 1976; and between 1944 and 1975, the number of approved pesticides increased 12-fold.

Chemicals have enabled farmers to grow crops like barley in the same field for up to 13 consecutive years — instead of just one in four. When crops were rotated, land was left fallow some of the time and animals would graze it, so each field needed to be stock-proof. But now that crop rotation has been abandoned, hedges can be bulldozed away.

Thirty years ago, farmland growing barley, wheat, cabbages, peas and potatoes also supported abundant wildlife. English cornfields were splashed with red poppies. Cornflowers grew among the ears of wheat. A walk after harvest revealed little plants which had been hidden by the tall crop, like the tiny heartsease or wild pansy. Hares and partridges were thick on the ground. Now, as weeds and insects are eliminated, many young animals and birds cannot survive.

Stubble burning, which accompanies chemical control, burns or chars not only the remains of the crop, but also microfauna and flora of the soil surface. One study has shown that stubble burning reduced the number of insects living above ground by 85 per cent, the number of insects emerging the following year by 71 per cent, and the number of species present by 61 per cent.[1]

The manufacture of fertilisers for UK agriculture alone requires the energy equivalent of two million tons of oil every year — about one-fifth of the total energy input into UK agriculture. A farmworker in this country now consumes as much energy as a worker in heavy engineering industry.

HEDGEROWS OF THE KIND we know in Britain exist in only a handful of other spots around the world — principally in central Tasmania, Normandy, Ireland and New England. The regional variations which provide much of the subtlety of our countryside are intimately bound up with the differences in the composition, shape and layout of hedges. The low, square beech hedges of Exmoor, for example, are quite distinct from the tall hedgebanks of Devon.

Hedges in West Cornwall are constructed on an entirely different pattern from those in the rest of England. Their stone-faced walls are filled with earth, with a drainage ditch on either side, and on top a carpet of thick turf and wild flowers (cranebills, stitchwort, campions, harebells) is crowned by gorse and hawthorn bushes. In the Lands End peninsula, their bases are estimated to date back in some cases to the Bronze Age. And even more ancient remains lie beneath — Iron Age villages, burial chambers and subterranean refuges.

At the moment there is nothing to stop a Cornish farmer from bulldozing away all the ancient hedges on his land if he wishes to. Between 1888 and 1976, 23 miles of hedge were taken out of an eight-square-mile area of West Penwith near St Buryan; and according to Nicholas Johnson of the Cornish Committee for Rescue Archaeology, more of the hedges were removed between 1963 and 1976 than in the 75-year period up to 1963.

Hedgerows are no real use to arable farmers. In the past, they may have helped stop soil erosion by acting as windbreaks; now this can be achieved more efficiently by the application of mulches and oils to the soil surface. Until the 1970s, dairy farming helped protect the landscape, but since then a revolution in farming methods has touched off a new wave of hedge removal. Farmers have begun to use specially developed strains of grass, but unlike the thick matt of interwoven roots of our natural pastures, these fail to protect the underlying soil from trampling. So the farmers direct grazing by moving animals from one small paddock to another at frequent intervals. For this they require movable field boundaries — post and wire fences instead of hedges.

When the Ministry of Agriculture compared cows in this type of paddock with others in extensive grazing systems, it found very little difference in milk yields or cow weight. Maintenance costs are actually higher for wire fences — 75p per chain compared with 73p for hedges. Nonetheless, more and more farmers are switching to controlled grazing systems, with encouragement from the Ministry of Agriculture in the form of advice and grants.

Rupert Brooke compared the English hedgerows with the dreary monotony of the German landscape in his poem *The Old Vicarage, Granchester:*

**The Theft of the Countryside* by Marion Shoard; Maurice Temple Smith; hardback £9, paperback £4.95.

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Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose.

In his day, Cambridgeshire hedges would have teemed with holly, hawthorn and honeysuckle, wayfaring tree and woody nightshade, whitebeam and the spindle tree; in autumn they would have been aflame with the bright, glossy reds, yellows, blacks, browns and russets of fruits and seeds — all clothed in feathery old man's beard. Today, hedgerows in Cambridgeshire are few and far between. A survey in the north-east of the county found that 40 per cent of the hedgerows — 35 miles — were taken out of an eight-square-mile area between 1945 and 1972.[2]

According to Dr Max Hooper of the Nature Conservancy Council, 30 plant species are in danger of extinction in some parts of the country, as hedges disappear. Among them are the tiny green moschatel known as 'fairy's clock', the sweet violet, the vivid blue greater and lesser periwinkles, golden rod, hedge bedstraw and lady's bedstraw, scented agrimony, crab apple, the wayfaring tree, dogwood and the spindle tree.

DECIDUOUS WOODLAND, the natural vegetation of England, is gradually being eliminated by coniferisation and clearance for agriculture. Between 1946 and 1973, 16 per cent of the broad-leaved woods in an area of West Cambridge were felled to make way for arable cropland; and nearly 30 per cent of similar woodlands in central Lincolnshire were replaced by conifers. In the same period, 30 per cent of woods of less than two and a half acres (about the size of Trafalgar Square) were cleared throughout the country. The Ministry of Agriculture provides 20 and 30 per cent grants to clear away tree stumps when land is converted for agriculture.

Tax advantages encourage wealthy landowners to convert deciduous woodland to conifers, and no planning permission is required. In Dorset, the proportion of woodland covered by deciduous trees dropped from 95 per cent in 1811 to 23 per cent in 1972. Badgers and bluebells, wood anemones and wild garlic, the silver washed fritillary butterfly and the green woodpecker are a few of the characteristic species of England's deciduous woodland. But the conifer world is silent and dead: fungi, which live on dead matter and do not need sunlight to manufacture their own food, take over as the most conspicuous vegetation. Fir is the food plant for only 16 different species of insect, compared with the 284 that live off oak — and the limited supply of insect food cuts down the number of bird, mammal and reptile species which can survive.

DOWNLAND, TOO, is being rapidly destroyed. In Sussex, east of the River Arun, rough downland covers barely a sixth of the area it covered in 1945. Ploughing machines have scraped the surface from the down's majestic flanks, destroying ancient earthworks that lay in their path. Where the buzzard, wheatears and stone curlews used to live, where the vivid chalkhill blue and adonis blue butterflies used to hover among harebells and scabiouses, farm labourers high up in tractor cabins, their ears muffled like factory workers', are now the only creatures visible.

"When I bought the tablets I thought I'd kill myself... but I never really thought about dying."

A 16 YEAR OLD GIRL

WHY DO TEENAGERS WANT TO KILL THEMSELVES?
WHAT CAN BE DONE TO STOP THEM?

Dr. Michael O'Donnell, Editor of World Medicine, investigates the alarming epidemic of teenage suicides in the first of two major medical documentaries from Yorkshire Television.

SECOND OPINION
A PART OF LIFE

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21st,
AT 10·30pm

YORKSHIRE TELEVISION
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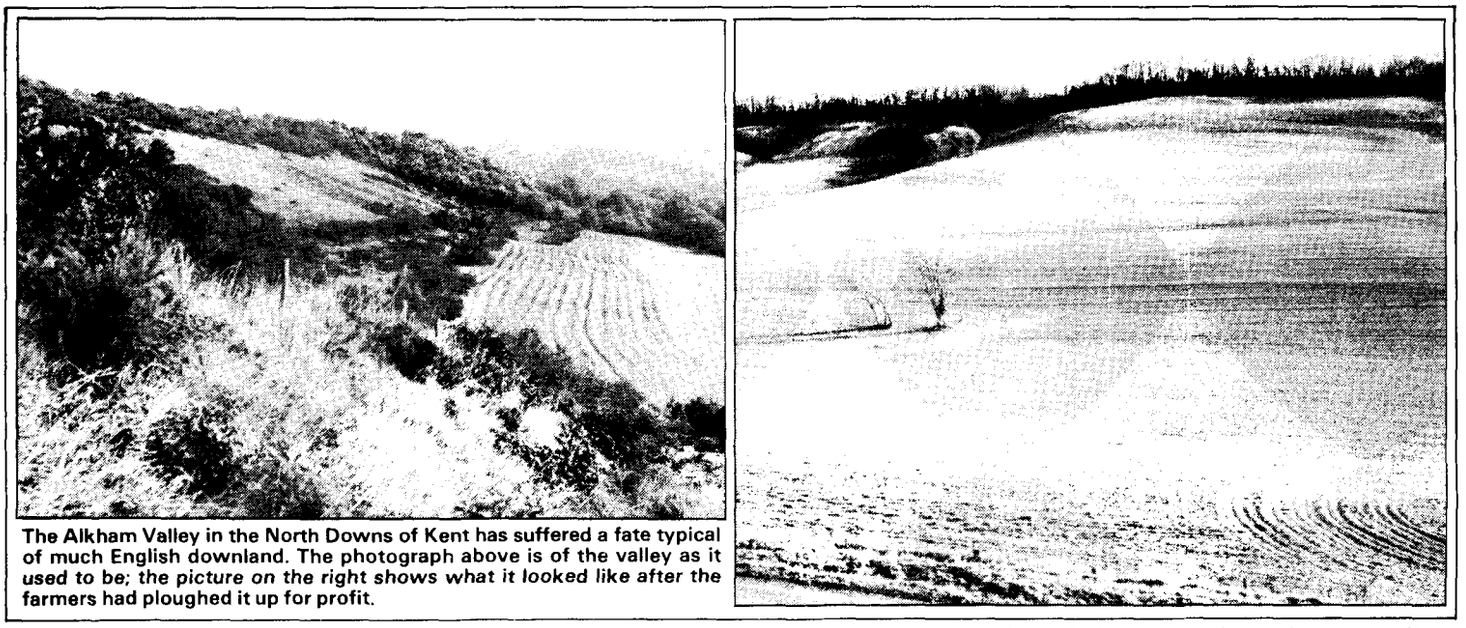

The Alkham Valley in the North Downs of Kent has suffered a fate typical of much English downland. The photograph above is of the valley as it used to be; the picture on the right shows what it looked like after the farmers had ploughed it up for profit.

Until very recently, the downland slopes of the Yorkshire Wolds were used as rough grazing for sheep or cattle. The steepness of the valley sides resisted the plough and their rough turf provided oases for wild creatures. Ecologically isolated from England's main chalkland massif, a unique flora evolved: the sheep's fescue and brome grasses were spangled with the intense red blooms of bloody cranesbill, flax, early purple orchid, lady's smock, purple milk vetch and gorse.

Since about 1975, however, sheep and beef-cattle rearing have become much more profitable, so farmers have fenced off the rough dales and killed the natural grasses and flowers with herbicides like Paraquat sprayed from four-wheel-drive or crawler tractors; they then have drilled ryegrass seed into the old dying turf with special new 'slit-seeding' machines. All the while, the Ministry of Agriculture has been actively encouraging farmers to reseed the dales: a series of demonstrations was held in 1980 to show farmers new grassland renovation techniques, to discuss the 'improvement' of the dales, and to make farmers aware of the Ministry's farm capital grants for fencing and reclamation. A local Ministry official has said he is convinced that all 4,200 acres of downland dales in North Humberside will have been 'improved' by 1990.

THE ARGUMENT FOR SACRIFICING our countryside is that we need extra food. So entrenched is the belief that no strategy for improving food supplies can be wrong, that the policy has gone unexamined since the end of World War II. A 1975 White Paper, *Food from our own Resources,* puts forward a plan to increase domestic food production by two and a half per cent a year — in line with proposals from the National Farmers' Union. This has been confirmed and updated by a 1979 White Paper, *Farming and the Nation.*

However, calculations by experts at Reading and Aberdeen universities have shown that if all Britain's food exports were cut off, we could produce enough to feed ourselves without even encroaching on hitherto uncultivated land. As things stand now, in order to incorporate large quantities of meat and other animal protein into our diet, we have to import £548 million (1979 figure) of feedstuffs, and turn over most of our arable land to growing grain for animals. Only *eight per cent* of UK farmland provides for humans directly. If the economy were under siege, we would simply have to cut off the animal intermediary and devote most of our lowland countryside to producing food we could consume directly.

Dr Kenneth Blaxter of Aberdeen University has worked out a regime for such a crisis, in which mass production of pigs and poultry would be suspended, with smaller numbers being fed on by-products of other agricultural processes. The beef herd would contract, but the dairy herd would expand, and be fed solely on grass. Potatoes, sugar beet and oil rape seed would be grown widely; some sheep would remain in the hills; and in the absence of imported feed mixtures, battery chicken production would give way to free-range hen farming. All this would be possible without any further destruction of the landscape — so the strategic argument for domestic food production works *against* the present agricultural revolution, not for it.

Efficiency could be improved further by cutting down waste. The Ministry of Agriculture's chief scientist wrote in 1974 that 'the present food supplied for 56 million people would, if even half the estimated waste could be eliminated, feed some seven million more'. And in 1978, the Ministry estimated that food wastage could be costing the UK £2 billion a year. Dr Robin Roy of the Open University established in a 1976 study that we waste 35 per cent of all food produced in Britain: the main losses occur in harvesting and storage on our farms; less than ten per cent of food purchased for consumption is thrown away as kitchen and plate waste.

The thought may occur to some that we owe it to hungry and starving people in other countries to produce as much as we possibly can. In fact, if we produce more, we shall probably make matters worse, not better. Third World countries have adequate resources for feeding themselves, but are too poor to exploit them. The best way of helping them is to provide aid to improve indigenous agriculture, not to produce more butter, cheese and beef in Britain. When excess production leads to dumping, as it does all too often in the EEC, the effect is to disrupt the efforts of the developing countries to get their own infant agricultural industries off the ground.

THE ONLY REAL HOPE of stemming the tide of destruction is to introduce direct, surgical measures to control the fate of the landscape, and to shift the distribution of power over the countryside.

First, the town and country planning system should be extended to cover farmland. Farmers should have to seek the consent of the community before making certain changes — such as removing hedges, draining marshes or ploughing up moorland. They would then be in the same position as industrialists and property owners who want to change the built environment.

Farmers, who tend to dominate local authorities in rural areas, must not be allowed to control the planning system; and some voice must be given to the mass of people who live in towns and cities. Nine regional countryside planning authorities should therefore be set up to cover England and Wales. These would set out the priority to be given to agriculture, conservation and recreation in different parts of each region.

Organisations and individuals should campaign for better access to the countryside, and a better understanding of it. That way, urban dwellers would soon insist on imposing their view of the shape the landscape should take. But as an immediate crisis measure, six new national parks should be created in lowland England — in the Wye Valley and the Vale of Hereford, the Norfolk Broads, the Chilterns, the Somerset Levels, the West Sussex Downs and the Dorset Downs. Selected for their outstanding quality and the magnitude of the threat they face from agricultural change, these new parks would serve as a test-bed for new methods of reconciling agriculture with conservation.

The task of rescuing the countryside from forces intent on its destruction may seem intimidating. But the enemy has one crucial weakness: there is *no public support* for what it is doing. It is only because people do not know what is going on that the process continues. If those who care about the countryside alert others, and ask them to make a choice, then the apparently unstoppable movement for the industrialisation of the countryside could swiftly collapse.

1. N.W. Moore, 'Arable Land' in J. Davidson & R Lloyd (eds), *Conservation and Agriculture,* John Wiley & Sons, 1977.

2. M.D. Hooper 'The Botanical Importance of our Hedgerows' in F.H. Perring (ed), *The Flora of a Changing Britain,* Botanical Society Report No. 11, 1970.

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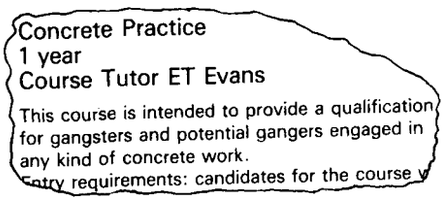
Northern Diary

A few decades ago Mr Justice Oliver said during one of Liverpool's many corruption cases: 'if there is anything Chicago can teach this City I should like to know.' Times haven't changed much but I have to say I'm astonished at how openly the city fathers cater for the syndicates' tailoring requirements: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This course is intended to provide a qualification for gangsters and potential gangers engaged in any kind of concrete work.
Entry requirements: candidates for the course v

The law and its costumed practitioners, I have never for one moment doubted, together form one of the country's most upstanding institutions — unblemished by avarice, unprejudiced by vested or political interest. Anyone who suggests I damn with extravagant praise should turn to the *Oxford Companion to Law*, a fat quick-reference dictionary for lawyers, published not so long ago by that fount of academic impartiality (there I go again), the Oxford University Press. The author is one David M. Walker, barrister of the Middle Temple and Regius Professor of Law at Glasgow University. After seriously describing the unions' position in law the professor continues his scholarly exposition thus:

> In public law unions are not consulted by governments on every matter but assert and dictate their views, arrogantly claim to represent the people of the country and to make or unmake governments. They are dedicated to restrictive practices, laziness, selfishness and insatiable greed.

The unions, insists the don, would 'not countenance any judicial decision which in any way curbed their freedom to dictate, wreck or damage with impunity'. They are 'no more democratic or tolerant than the mediaeval church at its worst'.

Academia's port decanters must be rattling in the blast. Under 'Freedom to Work' there is further level-headed scholasticism:

> The right to strike is so grossly abused, by being invoked in any and every case of actual or imagined dissatisfaction or dispute as to give rise to a serious question whether it can be tolerated.

More erudition appears under 'Social Services': 'The sacred cows of modern Britain which constantly grow fatter and even more expensive to keep, which it is deemed sacrilege even to touch' (presumably written before the Tory abattoirs set to work). But no chap from the Middle Temple is going to leave us without an explanation as to why the unions are so damnably evil. This is offered under 'Democracy': one of this political system's major defects is 'the low intelligence of the great mass of voters and their liability to be influenced by motives of greed, jealousy and selfishness'. Surely there has been a misprint in this learned tome: whenever it says 'trades unions' or 'social services', shouldn't it say 'lawyers'?

I had the distinct impression I had gone through the Looking Glass earlier this week. I was checking on one Labour peer's theory that Tony Benn's wish to storm the Lords with 1,000 peers created overnight might founder on procedural rocks. I rang the College of Arms.

'Lancaster Herald here, can I help you?' Lancaster who?

'I think you ought to speak to Garter King of Arms. Just a minute I'll ring someone and get his direct line number.' Pause. 'Hello, is Garter in? No. Oh, well, I've someone here who wants to talk to Garter.'

As it turned out Garter was a bit more fly than old Lancaster Herald. Because of his connections with the Crown and the Prime Minister *he* couldn't say anything at all to the *New Statesman*. Lancaster tells me he is one of six Heralds. Garter is one of three Kings. And there are also four Pursuivants lurking about.

Anyway, the theory propounded by Lord Bill McCarthy at the Blackpool Conference is that it will take an eternity to create 1,000 peers. They only do two a week, he seems to recall, and then only on Wednesdays. 'It takes bloody weeks,' he tells me. 'First of all you have to choose a title and then they try to sell you the idea you ought to have a coat of arms.' Any Labour peer with fancy notions of splendour will have to fork out £530 for the arms, and then £120 for the supporters (the figures that prop up the rest) — and as Lancaster Herald (is he a newspaper or a bomber?) opines 'a peer without a coat of arms seems rather unfinished'. You'd be surprised at the socialists who go the whole hog — Bernstein, Gordon-Walker, Milner, Kissin, Weidenfeld to name but a few. But Lancaster Herald is right y'know, so I've asked John Minnion to save Benn's ermine mob a bob or two by knocking up an all-purpose revolutionary coat of arms.

Why did Liverpool Corporation deliver with such alacrity £14,000 worth of rates bills to the leaders of the Meccano sit-in? Do they often re-direct rates demands, on which the original recipient wants to welch, to another set of names drawn from the City Treasurer's bowler hat? Airfix Industries — the owners of the Meccano factory — flatly refused to pay the rates, saying that they were not in lawful occupation at the time. Liverpool Corporation despicably sent the massive bills to three men who have just lost their livelihoods and are unlikely to gain work in the foreseeable future. A few minutes' research would have turned up the judgment of Mr Justice Slade in *Southwark Council v. Briant Colour Printing*, on which Airfix rested their avoidance tactic. Slade's judgment was that liability for rates has to rest on, among other things, possession which 'must not be for too transient a period.' In fact the judgment was never tested as Southwark had no intention of sending a rates bill to the Briant workers; but *The Times* Law Report concluded that the effect of the judgment was that probably no-one was liable for the rates during the occupation.

There were only four Meccano workers in occupation when the Airfix bailiffs, armed with pick axe handles and backed by 36 Merseyside police, broke into the premises.

I also hear that another Mecanno worker, Frank Fitzmaurice, has now been charged with 'criminal damage' — a fire allegedly started around the time the factory gates were welded shut. I am, of course, prevented from commenting on why this charge has been brought six months after the alleged incident took place, as is the Meccano Victims Defence Committee, c/o Liverpool Trades Council, 70 Victoria Street, Liverpool 1.

The best laid schemes, as the poet said, often go haywire and I take it we can include pigeons in that, as well as mice. Earlier this week, inspired to protest at the closure of Liverpool's public telex office (*NS* Diary 25 July) I enlisted the support of two young carrier pigeons to fly the Diary's editorial copy to London. They would, I felt confident, show Buzby, British Rail and men with cleft sticks a clean pair of claws. The birds, both Blue Bar cocks, were top-class racing stock loaned by London docker and pigeon fancier Pat Newell, and one of them recently won a £300 prize in a long-distance race. I should have spotted the omens, however, when British Rail damn near lost the birds in transit to Liverpool.

Under good conditions, with the frequent north-westerly wind at their tails, the feathered messengers were likely to cover the 180 miles in around 3-4 hours — clipping a good deal of time off the railway's Red Star service. Tuesday, however, dawned with mist and poor visibility and the pigeons, liable to lose their bearings, were grounded for several hours. Sad to record, the late start and a strong head-on wind means this week's Northern Diary (the version strapped to the birds) appears to have roosted en route to the capital. What you are now reading travelled via Red Star and for this week at least I am prepared to settle for an honourable draw. But we'll be back. I aim to persuade Duncan Campbell of the pigeons' supreme advantage. They fly high over the telephone and telex lines on which perch Buzby and all the other little eavesdroppers and we need only worry when the security agencies start buying peregrine falcons and bulk supplies of 'Swoop'.

Stop Press: One pigeon arrived safely, copy intact, 9 am Wednesday.

Rob Rohrer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Subbuteo, the table-top football game, can now be played with crowd control accessories such as squads of police, ambulancemen with stretchers and fencing to surround the pitch. — *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

Women members will be tolerated 'as long as they haven't got shrill voices,' said Mr Robert Park, a chartered surveyor. 'Just think how the decibels rise when you get a load of conservative women together.' — *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Parochialism at the TUC

From Mike Power

The TUC's reluctance to support the independent trade union movement in Poland was characteristic of its bureaucratic approach. It has formal links with the official trade unions, and therefore, despite references to state control, accepts their word. Other movements are discounted or considered only if the formal contact OK's it. This was the case with the independent trade union movement in the Soviet Union. Here the TUC wrote to the official union body for their views on the alleged harrassment of the representatives of SMOT (free association of workers). The Soviet reply stated that no trace could be found of any such organisation although some of the people referred to as SMOT leaders had been convicted of anti-social crimes.

The TUC has made some protests regarding infringements of individual human rights but an attempt is being made to avoid any such future actions. The general council's recent report to congress said that in future it should concentrate on employment and trade union issues so as not to dissipate its efforts or reduce their impact on strictly union questions. They also argued that developing contacts with East European unions would increase 'the possibility of influencing change'.

Len Murray reaffirmed the line at congress when opposing the resolution calling for the release of the Charter 77 prisoners. The general council also ignored a direct challenge on Nicaragua, where they have refused to support the post-Samosa developments. They claim that the Sadanistas are repressing non-government sponsored unions, though this has been denied by human rights organisations.

The General Council also ignored the request for an assurance that the mutual secondments of staff between the Foreign Office and the TUC's International Department had now been ended. Last November it was revealed to the General Council that a secondment was due to take place; to that time they had no knowledge that these exchanges took place. It was stopped, but no guarantee was given that the practice would be halted permanently. This secret diplomacy leaves little room to doubt that it is Great Britain's 'national interest' that overrides solidarity concerns for the International Department of the TUC.

150 Perry Rise, London SE23

WPC finances

From Ruth Tosek

After reading Christopher Hitchens's report (*NS* 26 September) concerning statements by Mr James Lamond MP in Moscow, I thought it might interest you to know that on 17 July I wrote to Mr Lamond, reacting to a statement he had made the previous day in the House of Commons. He had denied that the World Peace Council, of which he is a Vice-Chairman, was financed by the Soviet and East European governments and declared that their funds came from individual subscribers.

As a former senior interpreter at several of the Moscow-controlled organisations, I thought I would offer Mr Lamond some first-hand information. I informed him that I knew what I was talking about when I assured him that all the funds of these organisations, in local and in hard currency, were provided above all by the Soviet Union but also by other East European satellite countries on the basis of set contribution rates, paid by the governments of these countries through various channels.

In my letter to Mr Lamond I also asked him whether, as Vice-Chairman of the World Peace Council, he was aware of the role his and other similar organisations in that part of the world are playing as instruments of Soviet foreign policy. Finally, I told him that I would be only too happy to give him more details based on my personal experience. But Mr Lamond is clearly not very interested to know more about the organisations to which he is lending his name. I am therefore not in the least surprised to read now that James Lamond has stated his approval of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

14 Elgin Court, 16 Montpelier Road, London W5

Textiles in need of protection

From Gary Herman and Ron Taylor

Could we reinforce some of the points made in our contribution to your story on the crisis in textiles (*NS* 3 October)? The current crisis is particularly significant because the EEC's textile policy is, and has been, largely determined by strategic aims, including closer commercial ties with the Soviet satellite states of Eastern Europe, the political stabilisation of southern Europe and the encouragement of capitalist development in the Third World. To these ends a battery of different regulatory mechanisms have been deployed within the context of the movement towards free trade. However, the EEC's strategic aims are often in conflict with each other and with the aims of the textile producers in those EEC countries with textile industries in long-term decline. During a period of global recession, these conflicts become more frequent and emphatic.

Textile and clothing manufacturers now shelter behind severe tariff and quota barriers across the world — and substantial textile industries exist in many countries at virtually every level of economic development. The EEC, however, remains one of the world's most open markets for textiles and clothing so that imports flood in and manufacturing capacity (and jobs) flood out. The situation is particularly severe in Britain. The multinationals are able to survive through astute investment abroad, but smaller firms are going under at an alarming rate.

The British government could put more pressure on the EEC Commission to protect our domestic textile and clothing industry, it could restrict the outward flow of capital or it could support the domestic industry in more positive ways. It is doing none of these things. Meanwhile, Commissioner D'Avignon has said that it is up to national governments to ensure compliance with such import controls as do exist. Yet the Commission reserves to itself the right to impose duties, tariffs, quotas and other controls and to determine their applicability.

5 Woodleigh, Savile Road, Hebden Bridge, W. Yorks.

Stanley Adams appeal

From Sir John Foster and others

Radio, television — and the *NS* (7 March) — have publicised the tragic case of Stanley Adams who gave information to the EEC on malpractices by the Swiss drug company, Hoffman-La Roche. As a result, Hoffman-La Roche was fined one million Deutschmarks. As Anna Coote pointed out, Adams was seized when he entered Switzerland, put in prison and charged with violating Switzerland's industrial secrecy law. His life was wrecked and his wife committed suicide.

Despite united attempts by left and right in the European Parliament to get full compensation for Stanley Adams, he has been given a derisory sum which meets only a small proportion of his costs, and, although it is now clear that an official at the EEC leaked the information to Hoffman-La Roche that Mr Adams was the informant, the EEC obdurately refuses to give justice to a ruined man.

A well-wisher has brought Stanley Adams's three daughters to England to be educated. But Stanley Adams himself is confined to Italy and unable to leave until he pays his considerable debts. He wants to make a home in Britain with his daughters; he held a British passport until Malta became independent, and was a British Consul overseas. We are anxious to raise money to relieve Stanley Adams and to rectify the injustice he has suffered. Anyone wanting to help should send a cheque to 'The Stanley Adams Appeal', c/o Birkbeck Montagu's and Co., 7 St Bride Street, London EC4.

40 Doughty Street, London WC1

War Crimes

From A. K. Claiden

The perversions of Europe's last holocaust ran their riot unrestrained by any awareness of the ultimate Nuremberg. Today, mad thinking can be released into 'defence' planning by progressive social instability and by the contemplation of nuclear nihilism. To provide a structure of discipline and restraint there is a good case *now* for setting up the structure of a war crimes register. The public should know how to identify a war crime and locate it in place, time and responsibility, how to protect and store information in an officially hostile environment. I would suggest that war crime should be extended to cover the confinement of a civilian population in a known target area and that all people within a control unit should have an active responsibility to issue and log a pre-emptive warning if an intended act comes within the definition of a war crime. It should not, for instance, be possible for, say, a Director of Social Services who has the physical protection of the control unit, to sit silent while adverse decisions are made concerning communities within his responsibility.

Coombe House, Woodland, nr Ashburton, S. Devon

PPS re P & S

From Patrick Tierney, FOC, the News NUJ Chapel

The NUJ Chapel at the *News*, Portsmouth and Sunderland Newspapers' evening daily in Portsmouth, welcomes the revelations in the article 'The Table Talk of Mr Pole Carew' (*NS* 26 September). They go a long way towards explaining the motives behind the campaign against the NUJ being conducted by the management at Portsmouth.

Since the printers' dispute in May, management here have 1) banned normal NUJ Chapel meetings during office hours; 2) threatened to dismiss summarily NUJ members who attempted to attend a Chapel meeting; 3) publicly denigrated Chapel officials at a staff meeting; 4) proposed setting up an editorial committee of 'more senior and responsible' staff to circumvent the Chapel committee; 5) banned Chapel members from approaching the FOC's desk during office hours; 6) sought to establish a nucleus of 'loyal' journalists by offering personal contracts to key members of staff containing an undertaking not to take part in any industrial action; 7) warned all FOCs that staff taking industrial action would be sacked (reinstatement being conditional and at the company's discretion); 8) attempted to prevent a Chapel official attending an editorial meeting in the normal course of his job; 9) gratuitously demoted the FOC in the course of an editorial reshuffle.

85 Fleet Street, London EC4

Market place

From Ernest Wistrich

The Anti-European Left is not only allying itself with right-wing extremists, it is also isolating itself from every one of the socialist parties in the rest of the EEC. Demands for the reform of the CAP and of the Community budget are the central plank of the socialist group in the European Parliament. Its members are dismayed by the Labour Party's narrow nationalism. You are quite right in questioning whether the current unpopularity of the Market is a national election winner. Recent polls show that, while two out of every three questioned regard the market as a bad thing, by a similar majority they favour further European integration. They want the Market reformed, but not to leave it.

37B Gayton Road, London NW3

From Roderick Clyne

The *NS* makes the quite natural assumption (Leader 3 October) that *Militant* is opposed to the Common Market. But in reality it isn't — apparently it takes the line that the EEC is no worse than any other international capitalist conspiracy. To withdraw would be quite useless, says *Militant*.

32 Choumert Square, London SE15

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Carry on teaching

Before I move on to my customary great central theme of the week, for in a magazine of the august nature of the *NS* one likes to give thoughtful readers something to get their teeth into, even if it be only carrots, let me just mention, and thus get them out of the way, two interesting points raised by correspondents. The first is that somebody, reading of my orchard, has written to inform me, rather startlingly, that I should branch out into plums and am much too pomiferous, and before you start haughtily drawing your skirts to one side and reaching for the Flit, let me explain that it merely means apple-growing (cultured readers with O Level French will have spotted that the pom part probably comes from *pomme*). But fond as I am of plums, our local wasps are even fonder and make a bee-line for the best Victorias. So no.

The second matter concerns drinking songs, to one of which I recently referred, and has brought information supplied by an old friend, but a friend about whose purity, I must instantly confess, I have in the past had doubts. He looks, and is, raffish. He winks quite a lot, never a good sign, and spends an appreciable part of his leisure time on licensed premises. He is apt to tell me risqué stories, which of course I don't understand, and to nudge me black and blue, and so if there is an indelicacy in what he has written, you have been warned, for I in my complete and almost puritanical innocence and sober bachelorhood may well have been unwittingly guilty of 'smut'. Anyway, he assures me that there was once a Victorian music-hall song in praise of the drink, porter, that dark-brown malt liquor which odious old Edward Moulton-Barrett of Wimpole Street forced poor wheezy Elizabeth to drink and which was, indeed, a favourite tipple of London's porters. The music-hall song lauding porter, my friend tells me (and I do apologise if it is in any way unseemly) had an immensely jolly and oft-repeated burden which went 'Toss Off Your Porter'. There! Make of it what you will. It seems perfectly harmless to me and I can only hope that my friend was being for once both chaste and accurate. Anyhow, I pass it on for those of you who take an interest in drinking-songs and may care to add yet another attractive title to your list. As to the sheet music for it, probably one of the great music publishing houses in London could help you (better, until we have decided whether indecencies are present, mark your request CONFIDENTIAL).

But now to weightier matters. It has never been in my nature or in my open-faced (which is quite different from being moon-faced, such a point of beauty in the mysterious East) approach to Life to be in any way secretive or to keep, as you see in the case of porter, to myself useful information and helpful hints, be they general or domestic and in this connection pray let me thank those of you with ready pens for the many appreciative letters concerning my New Way With Carrots recipe. I was confident its tasty goodness would appeal. As to 'Worried, Barnstaple', you are plainly skimping the butter, dear, always such a fatal mistake in the kitchen: and I referred your other query to our social editress, highly regarded in Great Turnstile and beyond, who says that your hubby should certainly not have thrown the carrots at you 'when guests chanced to be present' and you are fully justified in 'taxing him with incivility', as you phrase it. Just slosh on the butter, dear, and the whole problem will solve itself.

And so, when a striking *pensée* has formed itself within my nut, I have always hastened to share it with the public and therefore readers possessing retentive memories and involved in scholastic life or education in general, even if it be merely as a fee-paying (and how) parent, will certainly recall an opinion I expressed months ago about university dons. It was to the effect that they should be paid, like some star actors, according to their audience drawing power, with 50p per spectator per lecture as a sort of basic sum, and slightly more for chemistry or physics lecturers as in this case their hazardous calling may involve laboratory experiments, with loud explosions and thrilling electrocutions, and is worth, say, 5p more in danger money and pleasing viewability. And so a lecturer, ill-prepared and lacking personality, who has rashly put himself forward as spouting about 'Some lesser-known aspects of Klinka's attitude to monotheism' might find but three students present (foreign and dusky and, having been directed by mistake to the wrong lecture room, confidently expecting a yoga demonstration) and would therefore receive, at the end of the interminable hour, the princely sum of £1.50, and quite enough too.

I bear few grudges (such a waste of time and apt to impart to the face a morbid and sullen expression not unlike that painting of Boney on his return 'Awayday' trip to Moscow) and now merely regard the appallingly idle and boring lecturers of my university days as having been a pity. Magnanimous of me really for even now shudders pass through my frame at the mere mention of Lessing and Pascal and Chateaubriand on the occasions when he isn't being a steak. There were of course exceptions (only one of them male) and the three brilliant women lecturers at whose feet I sat were all that one could wish for in the way of interest and charm and liveliness. One gets into trouble for generalising, but if anybody cares to say that women are by nature far more conscientious than men, they would find me nodding my nut off in quite violent agreement.

And what, you ask, has now happened about this, my original *pensée*? Well, it has also found a home in the lively cranium of none other than the distinguished Professor John Honey, whom I fancy we have already welcomed in these pages as Prof. J. R. de S. Honey and the author of an admirable survey of the public schools in his excellent *Tom Brown's Universe*, though Prof. Honey has gone a step further than I dared go and mentions the possibility, of all dashing conceptions, of inefficient teachers actually getting the sack. Why not, he suggests, make teachers take a sort of MoT Test every five years ('Your engine's running very raggedly and I'm not a bit happy about your gaskets'). He adds the profitable idea that the present cuts in teaching jobs should be used to weed out idle and incompetent teachers. There's a novelty for you!

I have a less drastic suggestion for improving and gingering up scholastic staffs and I truly recommend it to all headmasters and headmistresses who may chance upon these words. If I had ever been in command of an educational establishment (a rum concept but please stay with it for a few moments), I would have let it be at once known that it would be my practice to drop in on classes from time to time ('No, no, boys. Sit down, and carry on, please, Mr Fairweather') and, taking a pew at the back, enjoy the lesson for ten minutes or so ('I thought your parallel between modern Trades Unions and the old Yeomen Gilds very interesting and you certainly held the boys. Well done, Fairweather'). I would not, I would explain, be spying (partly true) but just taking a general interest in what was going on. Nobody can tell me, having been a schoolmaster for twenty-three years, that the standard of teaching and preparation for teaching and the correction of written work would not instantly shoot up when footsteps along the passage might at any moment be those of the headmaster, a man with totally despotic powers and who could, in my day anyhow, have had you out in less time than it takes to say North and Hillard.

I served, as they say though to me the words have such a very Wimbledonian ring, under two headmasters and, though they occasionally arrived in the classroom with this or that piece of information or request ('Watson has got a touch of 'flu. Could you please take the 3rd XV to Rugby this afternoon for their match? Thank you'), they never lingered or walked round or asked questions or looked at corrected French proses or admired one's blackboard writing (such a difficult art for a beginner to master). Perhaps they were too polite and fought shy of seeming to pry. They were certainly, in some cases that I can think of, far too trusting, not a failing that one can lay at the door of all headmasters.

Roger Woddis

Carve-up

Dewhurst, the butchers owned by Lord Vestey whose family empire paid £10 tax on last year's profits of £4.1 million, have told their butchers the company cannot afford a wage increase above the present basic £55 a week.

While Joe was carving up the meat,
A gentleman was heard to say:
'I'm sorry I can't give you more —
I have so many bills to pay.'
And as the blood began to flow,
A wolf came sniffing at the door,
Which brought this simple thought to Joe:
The rich are rich
Because the poor are poor.

It's gold that makes the world go round,
Yet this should not give rise to hate:
My Lord requires each extra pound,
The vassal gets the going rate.
The master-butcher in his shop
Is far above the factory-floor,
But now he's heard the penny drop:
The rich are rich
Because the poor are poor.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Blake Morrison

Men Can Die of Shame

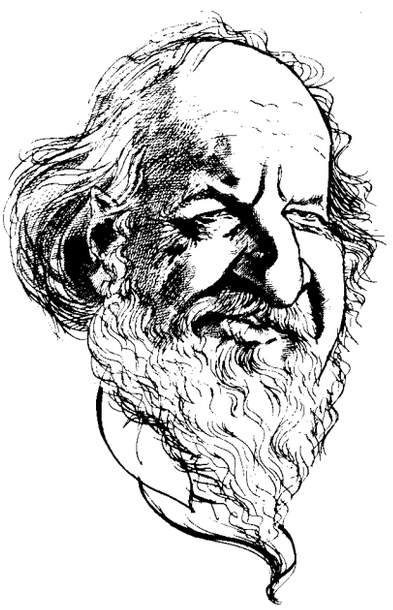
Rites of Passage by WILLIAM GOLDING *Faber* £5.95

Golding has such range and imagination that one never knows what he will do next. Who, on the basis of *Lord of the Flies,* could have foreseen *Pincher Martin* and *The Spire* — or, after the steady stream of novels between 1954 and 1967, the 12-year gap separating *The Pyramid* from last year's novel *Darkness Visible*? Still, if there is a book one could have predicted that Golding would eventually write, it is a story set at sea. In the early novels the sea lurked as a powerful, largely destructive presence: it encloses the children in *Lord of the Flies,* brings the 'Other People' to displace Neanderthal Man in *The Inheritors,* claims the life of the sailor in *Pincher Martin.* There are also essays by Golding which point to his fascination with the sea — notable among them, 'The English Channel', with its evocation of watery 'menace'. And shy though Golding has been about revealing details of his life, we know (from the old Penguin blurbs if nothing else) that he served in the Navy during the second world war, and used to consider sailing (perhaps still does) his main hobby.

Now that *Rites of Passage* has appeared, one can see, too, that the literature of voyage must have long exerted a particular appeal for him: logs, diaries, memoirs, navigation training manuals, official reports as well as the fiction of Defoe, Stevenson, Conrad, Monsarrat and others. If *Coral Island* was the spectre behind *Lord of the Flies,* then *Treasure Island* is one of several spectres behind this new novel. In a short review of Stevenson's novel Golding quotes with relish Stevenson's description of the death of Israel Hands (a description which surely lies behind his own disposal of Piggy) and suggests that *Treasure Island* has 'moments of lambent actuality which only come to a writer at full, dedicated stretch'. Much the same claim could be made for *Rites of Passage,* which is so attentive to the physical experience of a sea voyage (the heaving, the stench, the bouts of drunkenness, the cramped 'hutch'-like accommodation) that it is likely to induce in the reader a mild dose of *mal de mer.*

The novel describes a voyage to Australia in the early years of the 19th-century. References to Coleridge's currently popular 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner', to Nelson's death and to the imminence of an end to war with the French suggest a date between about 1805 and 1815. On board are not convicts but two groups of *bona fide* paying passengers: at the front of the ship working-class emigrants and common sailors; and at the rear (rigidly separated from them) the ship's officers, a cross-section of the British middle class (among them a clergyman, a free-thinker and an artist), and a young man, Mr Edmund Talbot, who has vague but intimidating links with the government and aristocracy. It is Talbot's diary, ostensibly kept for the purpose of his 'honoured godfather' ('Your lordship was pleased to recommend that I should conceal nothing. . . "Tell all my boy! Hold nothing back! Let me live again through you!" '), which makes up the bulk of the text.

As a diarist Talbot is witty, cynical, educated, keen on sounding like 'lively old Fielding and Smollett' rather than 'sentimental Goldsmith or Richardson'. He sets down a vivid record of the ship and its characters: the irascible Captain Anderson (has Golding taken the name from the boatswain called Job Anderson in *Treasure Island*?), the 'wind-machine Mr Brocklebank', the whorish 'painted Magdalene' called Zenobia, and the meek and ridiculous 'parson', Mr Colley, who is satirised as mercilessly as the clerics in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews.* Talbot's humour and inventiveness make the first 100 pages of *Rites of Passage* the funniest fiction Golding has ever written: the account first of Talbot's



search for a bolt-hole where he can seduce Zenobia, and then of the moment when he finally commits with her 'the farmyard transaction by which our wretched species is lugged into the daylight', will demolish for good notions of Golding as a glumly serious writer.

At this juncture, though, just over a third of the way into the story, comes a passage which points to a possible change of direction:

> I cannot, it seems, prevent the whole ship indulging in theatricals!. . . It is a play. Is it a farce or a tragedy? Does not a tragedy depend on the dignity of the protagonist? Must he not be great to fall greatly? A farce, then, for the man appears now a sort of Punchinello. His fall is in social terms. Death does not come into it.

The theatrical metaphor is one pursued throughout the book and reinforced by exchanges of dialogue that sound almost Shakespearean ('This wisdom should be put in a book.' 'Laugh if you will sir. Today I must not be offended with you.'). Here the discussion of farce and tragedy indicates that the action, so far diverse and recounted with witty detachment, is about to focus darkly on the figure of Robert Colley. An earlier scene has shown Colley fall out with the cleric-hating Captain Anderson, and the increasingly vindictive captain now licenses a general hounding of the parson. The first climax is Colley's humiliation in a kind of devil's carnival, during which he is abused, ducked and soiled. Colley manages to extract an apology from the captain, but by this time the ripples of irreligious disrespect have spread too far; when Colley goes to the front of the ship to visit the 'common folk', there follows his second humiliation, the full brutal circumstances of which are revealed only in the book's final pages. The ending must not be given away. Suffice it to say that death ultimately does 'come into it'; that a key participant is a boy-Adonis sailor; and that a linguistic play on the word 'chew' (Golding has previously punned on the words 'bridge' and 'standing orders') prepares us for the final revelations. These revelations are such as to force Talbot into untypical rhetoric: 'In the not too ample volume of man's knowledge of Man, let this sentence be inserted. Men can die of shame.'

The gradual transition from farce to tragedy is emphasised by a device so characteristic of the author that it may one day become known as 'a golding': I mean that abrupt shift in narrative viewpoint that modifies and throws new light on all that has gone before. Here the trick is worked by a change of diarists: somewhat implausibly, Golding has Talbot discover Colley's dairy and reproduce it in full for his 'lord'. By doing so, he changes the whole tone of the narrative, shifting our sympathies away from Talbot, whose limitations we now see, and towards the 'inner man' Colley. The parson we have previously seen only from the outside: significantly, his mannerisms and dress ('a positive delirium of ecclesiastic fiery') have been the main target of mockery. Now he emerges as a man of sensitivity, and his spiritual fervour and innocence make Talbot seem hardened and materialistic. The cruellest irony is that Colley, as his diary shows, has all along looked to Talbot as a kindred spirit — the 'one true gentleman in this ship' (Golding, no less that Defoe in *The Complete English Gentleman* is much concerned here with defining what gentlemanliness means).

In *Rites of Passage* Golding seems in some respects to have circled back to *Lord of the Flies* and to the view he held then of man as a fallen being capable of a 'vileness beyond words'. As a way of bringing this meaning home to us, he could not have chosen a more telling device than the switch of diaries. For, having ourselves joined in the laughter at Colley early on in the novel, we register all the more keenly the guilt and shame of the final pages; so that when Talbot tries to exculpate himself ('A man cannot be forever brooding on what is past nor on the tenuous connection between his own unwitting conduct and someone else's deliberately criminal behaviour!'), we recognise his flippancy and blandness. For the point about Talbot and the equally civilised Summers is that they allow Colley to go through 'what the poor victims of the French Terror must have heard in their last moments and oh! — it is crueller than death'.

This probing of questions of responsibility is what makes *Rites of Passage* not so much a 19th-century 'sea story' as a modern, post-

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Auschwitz allegory. Golding, it is true, readily indulges his love of ships and of naval slang: 'Tarpaulin language. You know how I delight in that!' But what kind of sea story is it, in the end, that, as Talbot says, includes 'never a tempest, no shipwreck, no sinking, no rescue at sea, no sight nor sound of an enemy, no thundering broadsides, heroism, gallant defences and heroic attacks!' Instead Golding richly exploits other aspects of the sea. On the one hand he treats it as unique in its extremity: the distinction of oceans, says Captain Anderson, is 'their power of isolating a man from his fellows', so that even in the most cramped conditions each man is alone. On the other hand (a poetic licence the sea traditionally permits) the sea is treated as representative of a larger social order, a land-order, 'a world of conflict, of birth, death, procreation, betrothals, marriages'. Thus the conflict of Colley and Captain Anderson symbolises the perennial conflict of Church and State; and there are glances at such topics as class, justice, authority, and the virtues and limitations of verisimilitude in art. It adds up to a brilliant achievement.

Michael Schmidt

Time of Cold

A Part of Speech by JOSEPH BRODSKY *Oxford* £4.95

Last year, I heard Joseph Brodsky read at Cambridge. I'd been told he was temperamental. If he disliked his audience he might read for only a few minutes. I was optimistic — but no, it was not to be. He read on and on, upstaging his patient translators, as if to say he knew how much we appreciated him.

Well, I didn't. Unlike Voznesensky and Yevtushenko, Brodsky is not, I believe, a particularly good performer. He wears his arrogance (a quality endemic in the public *persona* of Russian poets) without grace. But he is something other than a performer: an excellent poet. He has had astonishing fortune in his English translators, too, especially in his new collection.

In *A Part of Speech* Brodsky has chosen those of his earlier poems which illuminate his more recent work — as it were, the antecedents to the poems of his exile, those composed during and since 1972. One misses here some crucial pieces, especially the poem to Donne. Brodsky owes to Donne and the Metaphysicals (whom he has translated into Russian) certain debts of metaphor, organisation and tone. He is a wit of a high order: he plays in and through language. He is passionately alive to his tradition, much as Tsvetaeva and Akhmatova (both guides in his work) were. But it is odd: he is more philosophical, less physical, less particular, than the poets of their generation. When he echoes Mandelstam's 'Do preserve what I've said for its taste of misfortune and smoke', that evocative combination of abstract and acrid concrete is replaced by 'a time of cold,/a day of fear'. It is less real, a gesture rather than an experience. The tendency of Brodsky's generation has been to move away from the vivid celebratory and elegiac particularism of the great generation into a language more public in tenor. Brodsky's language generally stays closer to particulars of perception and experience, even in its witty elaborations, than that of his contemporaries does. Exile has not destroyed his art because it has destroyed neither his memory nor his eye.

I would risk a generalisation here. Poets such as Yevtushenko, Voznesensky and others for whom 'plot' (in the narrative sense) has come to replace subtler notions of form, belong to contemporary history. They will continue to be read — even poems such as 'Babi Yar' — for what they tell of general attitudes and sentiments. Brodsky, by contrast, is part of a broad Western tradition. His work, of less value to the historian or journalist, extends its tradition. It is by nature and by design part of the Judaeo-Christian and classical stream (which one cannot, at present, confidently call the 'main stream'). His refusal to play dissident roles is part of his vocation as a poet. He is reluctant to be used.

In his poetry there are continual daybreaks and sunsets, a Russian sense of immense distances, and some force or energy from the distance (wind, history or metaphysical power) breaking on the present where it is apprehended and which it will inevitably include. The subtlest treatment of this theme is the superb 'Nunc Dimittis' of 1972. More recent (and secular) treatments seem less assured.

It is not — this seeming lack of assurance — a matter of the translations. George L. Kline, who was responsible for the 1973 Penguin Brodsky, is here, making a few telling emendations to earlier versions and proving his tonal and formal tact again and again. 'On the Death of Zhukov' he renders in a Kiplingesque stanza and rhythms splendidly bold and apposite. Brodsky may have learned from Kline's versions: they tease out from a matrix of nuances and paradoxes a thread of consistent meaning.

While Kline makes sense of Brodsky, Richard Wilbur makes extraordinary English poetry of him. 'The Funeral of Bobo' will stay in the attentive ear:

> Bobo is dead. Wednesday is almost over.
> On streets which offer you no place to go,
> such whiteness lies. Only the night river,
> with its black water, does not wear the snow.

In the poems written before Brodsky's exile, there is often the same quality of wry heartbreak one hears from Laforgue. At least, this is what Wilbur hears for us.

There are ten translators here, none of them without some merit. Then there is an eleventh, the author himself. Brodsky is, no doubt, a fine linguist. Exile has filled his ear with English. All the same, he is his worst translator. When he collaborates with a good translator, as he does with Weissbort, those versions published by Weissbort earlier are invariably more direct and lucid than the elaborated joint versions. Kline, in the 1973 selection, declared 'A Song to No Music' to be important but untranslatable. Brodsky and David Rigsbee expend much energy in the new book and prove Kline conclusively right.

What can be said of Brodsky, now he is 40? Of the recent poems, 'Lullaby to Cape Cod' seems to be a masterpiece; 'The Butterfly' proves his lyric and philosophical gifts are intact. He has been as unable as Seamus Heaney to resist the spell of Robert Lowell. Exile and middle age have made him no less allusive and oblique. And yet, with a substantial achievement behind him, Brodsky paradoxically remains a poet of promise.

Anita Desai

CLEAR LIGHT OF DAY

"Anita Desai's writing is a joy . . ."

Elizabeth Berridge
Daily Telegraph

"totally accomplished in its own terms."

Robert Nye
The Guardian

" . . . a complex and compelling depiction of family life."

Peter Kemp
The Listener

" . . . a carefully constructed, beautifully written, sensitive, funny, atmospheric work."

Gabriele Annan
Times Literary Supplement

Anita Desai

Heinemann

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Christopher Hitchens

Ice and Fire

Mrs Gandhi by DOM MORAES *Cape* £9.50

It used to be said of the late Shah of Iran that, while nobody ever dared tell his father a lie, nobody ever dared to tell him the truth. One has to read almost to the end of this book to discover that Dom Moraes suspects the same may be true of Mrs Gandhi. And one has to be very interested indeed in the private thoughts of Dom Moraes in order to penetrate that far.

His book is a lazy and ambivalent tribute to a not very complex Third World despot. Lacking the style and pace of *Going Home,* Mr Moraes's last attempt at coming to terms with his home country, this is a broken-backed attempt at daubing some light on a rather shady canvas; what Robin Blackburn has termed 'reactionary re-bunking'.

To understand all is very seldom to forgive anything. But the plea of 'understanding' is a favourite weapon in the apologist's quiver. So we have to go, again, through a recital of the Nehru family history. I am indebted to Mr Moraes for one thing — I had not known before that Indira Gandhi lies repeatedly in public about her prison and resistance record under the British. I had not known, either, that her father complained of her neglect during his own incarceration:

> Indu (he wrote from Dehra Dun prison) is extraordinarily imaginative and self-centred or subjective. Indeed, I would say that, quite unconsciously, she has grown remarkably selfish. She lives in a world of dreams and vagaries and floats about on imaginary clouds, full probably of all manner of brave fancies.

If one reads Mr Moraes's profile with sufficient attention, one can discern how girlish caprice turned and soured into arrogant and spiteful patterns. He does not exactly hide the character of his subject, rather he obfuscates by interminable personal anecdotes. He has no ear for politics in any case; this is a lobby correspondent sort of account, where so and so 'the plump pipe-smoker' does battle with so and so 'the ruthless professional'. We are spared no family vignette, however tedious:

> Leela and I sent her a Christmas card in 1978, and she sent us a New Year card back with a friendly inscription. She must have been deeply depressed at the time, one of the worst periods of her life, and I thought it exceptionally kind of her.

Yes, yes but what about the Emergency? The Emergency, indeed, does get a longish look-in. We learn that:

> The curiousness of the emergency lay not so much in any terror felt by the people for the government, as in the readiness of the people to oblige and please those who ruled them.

Mr Moraes goes on to compare this with courtship ritual in the *Kama Sutra.* I think it is the stupidest thing, in a pretty good field, I have ever read about the Emergency. I rather gave up trusting Mr Moraes's powers of observation when he told me how few people had featured in the election campaign in Bombay in 1980. I chanced to be there myself at a time and cannot confirm his report.

I don't think that Mr Moraes can have enjoyed writing his apologia all that much. There are clear signs of boredom in his prose. At one point a swami is sloppily described as 'clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful'. The 'most unkindest cut of all' makes an appearance. Mrs Gandhi's 'eyes under their kestrel hoods were like ice and fire'. Most ludicrous and contrived of all, at the moment of her election defeat we are asked to see the Leader like this:

> 'Father forgive them,' Mrs Gandhi could have said to the unforgiving Delhi sky, 'for they know not what they do.'

There, I feel, we have it. Mr Moraes repeatedly betrays his own view that Indians cannot be expected to understand democracy; requiring instead the smack of a firm governess.

James Campbell

Eat the Eggs

In Plain Russian by VLADIMIR VŐINOVICH *Cape* £6.50

The Song of the Nightingale by BRUCE ARNOLD *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95

A Quest of Love by JACQUETTA HAWKES *Chatto* £6.50

The Voices of the Dead by AUTRAN DOURADO *Peter Owen* £6.95

Vladimir Voinovich was expelled from the Writers' Union in 1974 following his consistent support of Solzhenitsyn. Since then Voinovich, once regarded as a model Soviet author as much by virtue of his working-class origins as of his talent, has seen his books suppressed, has had his telephone disconnected following an innocent call to the USA, and has been 'interviewed' by the KGB. Richard Lourie, translator of *In Plain Russian,* discloses that since his expulsion from the Writers' Union, 'his isolation has increased', adding, somewhat ominously, 'not a great deal is known about Voinovich'.

There is not a lot in the comic tales which comprise *In Plain Russian* — all written before 1974 — to suggest that the Soviet authorities would eventually regard its author as enough of a threat to merit the distinction of suppression. All the more remarkable then to learn, from the author's Foreword, that *Novy Mir* ('the bravest journal of its time') would have nothing to do with one of them, demanded a safer title for another, and allowed the rest to 'barely squeak by'.

Voinovich writes of the ordinary Russian, the man in the street rather than in the labour camp. In 'What I Might Have Been' a construction supervisor refuses to share in the general incompetence which surrounds him and won't turn over a building before it is safe. When the inspectors arrive asking for the papers to be signed, they happily ignore the loose railing and the flaking mortar. 'They used to make buildings to last 500 years', cries an exasperated student, puzzled by their indifference. 'They used to mix egg yolk with the mortar,' replies the inspector. 'But now we'd rather eat the eggs.' Another fine story is the hilarious 'From an Exchange of Letters'. Junior Sergeant Altinnik is tricked into a marriage which he discovers is irrevocable once his wife has informed on his 'unsteady moral character' to his superiors.

The stream of satire which runs behind these tales is motivated more by care than by hate or scorn. The title of the volume speaks not only for the simplicity of the prose but also for Voinovich's habit of plain speaking which emerges from the Open Letters which conclude this fine collection.

The Song of the Nightingale contains a different sort of action, a drama of the inner life. Bruce Arnold is no plain speaker. He writes very delicately and sometimes very beautifully, his dialogue is vivid and his characters are, on the surface, believable. His second novel concerns the changing emotional life of a schoolboy. It is written in the first person, but the narrator is much older than the boy whose life he describes, and the story concerns the events which helped to separate man from boy. His home background — a violent father

Kobo Abe

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"*Woman of the Dunes* was an extraordinary novel which introduced Westerners to the Japanese novelist Kobo Abe some years ago, and *Secret Rendezvous* is another remarkable novel in which reality is again used with clinical exactitude to produce hallucinatory effects, a sense of fiendish yet credible nightmare. The imagination that conjures technological horror in a modern hospital setting is entirely original, powerfully disquieting."

Isabel Quigly, **Financial Times**

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and a vile stepmother — qualifies him for a scholarship awarded to permit boys from troubled homes to travel. This takes him abroad, away from his naughty schoolgirl lover, but onward to a Christian conversion. When he returns, however, he discovers that prayer is not enough to counter the wild irresponsibility of his drunken father who seems bent on destroying himself and all who come near him. The young narrator's crises of emotion and alterations in sensibility are embodied in an elegant, unaffected poetic prose. Yet from the start he and his schoolboy friends are in possession of sensibilities the delicacy of which is scarcely credible. Tunneling beneath the school chapel, for no clear reason, they unwillingly intrude on a secret meeting between adulterous lovers and overhear their intimacies. The effect is shattering:

> I felt overwhelmed. I had a sense of dread at what was revolving around me. It was a vortex of knowledge and experience that did not offer power, only a sense of involvement that worried and perplexed me. Yet with Pritchett it was different. He was excited and tense; his eyes gleamed and his clenched hand shook, barely perceptibly, in front of his face. He wanted to relive the intense experience we had just had.

This, and many similar instances, seem to me to bear little resemblance to how boys feel or learn to feel. Even allowing for unusual sensitivity, the uncomfortable thought persists that Mr Arnold's narrator is the victim of a prose which wears its heart on its sleeve. One awaits a touch of wickedness, crudity, or humour which would prove the humanity of his hero, but it doesn't appear.

Jacquetta Hawkes's book is one which is well described, without disrespect, as 'bizarre'. The publishers' decision to present *A Quest of Love* as a novel was presumably made after all other possibilities had been discounted since the author herself considers it to be an autobiography 'of the Long Body': Jacquetta Hawkes's past lives. It is a record of her sexual awakenings in her incarnations dating from prehistory to the 19th century; 'when he plunged slow and deep my very being seemed to burst with the anguish of my joy, and the dark horizons were lit as by a thousand flying stars.' This happened during the reign of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Jacquetta Hawkes anticipates scepticism concerning her 'memories'. Other people's mystical experiences should be treated with respect, but is it not strange that, like so many others claiming to recall former lives, Jacquetta Hawkes always turned up in social positions of relative comfort and privilege and usually in societies of which we have certain knowledge? Moreover, the authenticity of her historical settings is in question: no one knows exactly how Knossos looked but if anyone can claim to tell us more than a Hollywood set designer surely a visionary can.

Peter Owen continue their Brazilian series with *The Voices of the Dead* by Autran Dourado, the first of this experienced novelist's works to be published in English. In a baroque style which eschews direct speech and constantly switches tenses, he relates the story of two women living alone in an old manor in a small Brazilian town. They live uneventful lives until the arrival of a black handyman who becomes the lover of one of them. With him is introduced the influence of dead ancestors. Dourado adopts some of the techniques, but lacks the grandeur, of his own obvious ancestor, Faulkner.

Zoë Fairbairns

Home Economics

The Politics of Housework edited by Ellen Malos *Allison & Busby* £9.95 & £3.95

When the husband of one of the contributors to this anthology discovered she was writing a paper on housework, his response (he being a right-on political leftist, and the year being 1968) was 'How trivial can you get?' Twelve years later one still meets the politer, if still bemused, question: what exactly is political about housework?

What is political about coal-mining, banking, teaching, making cars? To realise the importance of housework to the economy, one only has to imagine housewives not doing what they do all day; if it had to be paid for, it would cost around one-third of GNP. The economy depends on it being done free. That's political. It affects the politics of individual relationships too: compare the relative power and freedom of a person who is paid for his work and is entitled to free domestic service with that of the person who is expected to provide that service and is not paid.

The personal is political; the two come together in the politics of housework and the different approaches of this book's authors. Some are anecdotal, some rhetorical; there is some interesting historical material, including descriptions of domestic labour and an excellent 'history of the housewife' by Catherine Hall which, showing that the sexual division of labour is not constant but responds to the needs of the wider economy, ought to be the subject of a book itself.

But the main substance of the book is the reprinting of classic contributions to the 'domestic labour debate': what is the function of housework under capitalism and what should the feminist response be to the oppression of the housewife? Is housework 'productive', are housewives a class, would wages for housework be desirable? It's a complex argument; all credit, therefore, to authors such as Margaret Benston, Ros Delmar and editor Ellen Malos for making their points in plain English and not the academic Marxist code preferred by some of the others.

The blurb claims that the book is 'invaluable as source material and as historical background'. Yes, but it could have been better organised. Only by keeping one finger in the introduction and several more in the not-very-helpfully arranged bibliography can one date the papers; and whereas Ellen Malos's introduction is useful at the start, setting the debate in context and explaining some of the concepts that will be so bafflingly tossed into the air in later papers, she gets distracted from her editorial task by her need to make her own refutation of Wages for Housework. Her ringing final sentence, '. . . if "caring" for children or other members of the family is often one-sided, unpaid drudgery, little will be gained by turning it purely into paid drudgery, either inside or outside the home' gives the reader the impression that the argument has been settled before it has begun.

This sentence illustrates another important gap in the book's many approaches: despite the qualifying 'if' and 'often', the tone of too much of the book assumes that housework is always and necessarily an oppressive imposition on women. Where is the political analysis of the contented housewife, or are we to pretend she doesn't exist? Engels's much-quoted assertion that the 'first premise for the emancipation of women is the reintroduction of the entire female sex into public industry' sounds every bit as dreary and oppressive as 'a woman's place is in the home'.

But the problem remains: many women are

Nicholas Mosley

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Craig Brown, **Times Literary Supplement**

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oppressed by the overwork, emotional demands and dependency of being housewives. What is to be done? Wages might remove the dependency; but at what price? What would the state demand in return? Do housewives want to be state employees? Would a small wage be better or worse than nothing?

Silvia Federici argues that such objections are irrelevant, since Wages for Housework should be seen as a perspective rather than a single demand: a serving of notice on men and capitalism that 'from now on they have to pay us because as females we do not guarantee anything any longer . . . stop celebrating our exploitation, our supposed heroism. From now on we want money for each moment of it'. She argues that a wage would make it easier to do *less* housework and emotional servicing. Caroline Freeman, on the other hand, thinks it could mean more of these things:

> Once we make the state our employer, the state will do the policing. A wage is the lever which keeps the worker at home. If we want wages for housework, we must accept that it would be tied to *doing* housework.

But the argument seems curiously old-fashioned in any case. To wonder whether the Thatcher government 'should' pay wages for housework, or even whether women 'should' accept them, is like wondering whether the moon 'should' be made of Cheshire cheese and shared out among the workers. It isn't going to happen.

What will in fact happen, as far as this government and the politics of housework are concerned, is that the welfare state is going to continue to be massacred. For all its imperfections, the welfare state has been the point at which the personal and the political meet, the point at which the state has relieved women of some domestic burdens. When it is dismantled, it is on the assumption that women will resume those burdens (managing without home helps and nurseries, making school dinners, taking in sick relatives who ought to be in hospital) without too much resistance, doing at home free of charge the work that ought to provide paid jobs for women and men who need them. But a government committed to the free market would be mad to pay for what it can get for nothing.

In this situation, the importance of a collection like *The Politics of Housework* lies less in its disagreements than in its shared perspective. The title and approach are in resolute opposition to the flip sentimentality with which the subjects of housework and housewives are often treated; they demand serious attention.

Ian Carter

Border Crossings

Lord and Peasant in Nineteenth Century Britain by DENNIS R. MILLS *Croom Helm* £13.95

The State of the Scottish Working Class in 1843 by IAN LEVITT & CHRISTOPHER SMOUT *Scottish Academic Press* £7.50

The Rousing of the Scottish Working Class by JAMES D. YOUNG *Croom Helm* £12.95

Scottish Capitalism edited by Tony Dickson *Lawrence & Wishart* £9.50

It is often assumed that the barriers between history and the social sciences are coming down. These four books provide a test of this sanguine proposition. Three of them are exclusively concerned with Scotland, while Dennis Mills develops his argument in England and applies it to Scotland.

Mills, a historical geographer, argues that 19th-century rural England 'contained two socio-economic systems which were as distinct in practice then, as they are conceptually distinct in the minds of today's historians'. On the one hand there was the 'estate system', with a big landowner leasing land to big capitalist tenant farmers. Completely separate from this was a system manned by 'small, independent owners and entrepreneurs' — what he chooses, for no clear reason, to call the 'peasant system'. He adopts Alan Macfarlane's disastrously misguided definition of a peasantry, with its bizarre implication that a class must correspond to a rosy Narodnik view of the Russian peasantry to count as a 'true' peasantry. Mills recognises that there is no way in which that definition can fit in 19th-century England, but ploughs on regardless. Failing to distinguish between concrete estates and his 'estate system', or to recognise that his peasants were articulated with capitalist agriculture in a complex fashion, he makes a dreadful mess not only of his English material but of his attempt to extend the argument to Scotland. Mills's book is a splendid illustration for the sardonic definition of historical geography as a combination of bad history, bad economics, bad sociology and a good map. Save your 14 quid.

If Dennis Mills's book shows us a geographer trying, with little success, to be an economic historian and sociologist, then Levitt and Smout's study shows us an economic historian and a sociologist trying — rather more successfully — to be geographers. Chris Smout's *History of the Scottish People,* first published in 1969, was a splendid exploratory work that raised hares which other folk have been chasing ever since. It had two main problems. First, Smout left off in 1830, leaving the knotty but crucial problems of the later 19th century to others. Second, the naive modernisation thesis that underpinned the argument made working folk merely the malleable clay to be shaped by more enlightened classes. Despite the echoes of Engels in its title, Smout's new book with Ian Levitt shows much the same features, but focussed on a particular event.

That event was the despatch of a questionnaire to every parish in Scotland by the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws in Scotland. The mountain of data that they got back so intimidated the Commissioners that neither they nor generations of later scholars made any attempt to analyse it systematically, preferring to undertake less daunting tasks like running India. Now Levitt and Smout have grasped the thistle by putting all the suitable data on computer. Their report is organised around 77 maps and 65 tables showing the spatial distribution of food supplies, wages, prices, unemployment, emigration, and the nature and operation of poor relief in 1843. Given the purpose for which the data were collected it is not surprising that an analysis of the Scottish Poor Law forms the book's heart, but the extensive discussion of general living conditions means that the title is fair: this is a snapshot of the condition of the mass of working-class Scots in 1843. The conclusion drawn from this snapshot may not astonish many people — that things were desperately bad in the western Highlands and Islands, rather good in the industrialising central belt and middling elsewhere — but the wealth of detail means that this book is a bran-tub into which anybody interested in mid-Victorian Scotland will dip his hand for many years to come.

There are some problems. Levitt and Smout categorise parishes in district units which do not always make much sense. They gloss over difficulties raised by attempting to interpret precise answers to spectacularly vague questions. They see the people who answered the questions as neutral figures, despite the fact that they were almost all ministers or session clerks which means that they were drawn from a very narrow class segment. R. H. Campbell's argument that the *New Statistical Account* — constructed at much the same time by much the

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same people using much the same methods — tells us not what each parish was like but what each minister thought his bailliewick was like applies just as strongly to this material. It would have been nice to have some discussion of ideology, then; but Chris Smout still seems unprepared to countenance such subversive concepts.

Our last two books are both intended to be socialist histories of Scotland in the tradition established by Tom Johnston's *History of the Working Classes in Scotland.* Jim Young is a professional historian; the genuflection to Edward Thompson in his book's title tells us that he will be interested in the period from 1780 to 1830, but he then continues the story up to 1931. Tony Dickson's book is much more ambititious. The joint work of seven sociologists, political scientists, economists, economic historians and journalists, it attempts nothing less than a socialist history of Scotland from the 6th century to 1979.

Young writes with passion, from a deep knowledge of labour history. The difficulties arise not with his material but with the interpretation which he places on it. His is a highly romanticised Scottish working class, bearing through thick and thin not only an obdurate radicalism but inherent nationalist tendencies as well. This means that he fails to situate nationalism, to examine why certain groups picked up the national flag for a time and then discarded it. His romantic nationalism leads him to see the problems of the Scottish working class stemming almost entirely from England's colonial control. That prevents him making a proper class analysis of Scottish history: like others who have taken much the same line, he falls back on a sub-Gramscian account of the Scottish Enlightenment in place of a decent account of the development of the Scottish bourgeoisie. I am more than willing to believe that the Edinbourgeoisie was 'insecure, schizophrenic and authoritarian', but I want to know how that affected the labour process. Young does not tell me.

Scottish Capitalism is a much more impressive achievement, even though its seven chapters are of distinctly variable quality. Given that a shortage of appropriate primary research is a major problem facing any attempt to write a socialist Scottish history, it is surprising that the chapter on postwar Scotland — when that material is abundant — is so poor. Against that one has two very fine chapters on the 19th century by Dickson and Clarke and by Burgess, and an extraordinary *tour de force* by John Foster on pre-capitalist Scotland. These chapters show what can be done when disciplinary boundaries are ignored. Foster rummages through irredeemably bourgeois medieval historians' work to produce an incisive and convincing demolition of Perry Anderson's idealist version of the origins of Scottish capitalism. The 19th-century chapters present a beautifully worked account of the rise and subsequent decline of a client capitalism in Scotland, organised around the idea of the product cycle, and of the complex class alignments thus generated. The whole book has a distinctly Old Left whiff about it, but this only becomes oppressive in the wooden proletary of the last chapter, with its wheedling claim that Cold War slanders may have inhibited pro-Soviet feeling among workers. In other places the CP line is not offensive; Foster's use of the CPSU's line on nationalism to illuminate medieval Scotland seems merely whimsical. This book should be widely read, particularly by those who — in Jim Hunter's words — produce 'the mass of tourist-orientated kitsch and self-serving scholasticism which passes for serious writing about Scotland and the Scots'.

Among this week's contributors:

BLAKE MORRISON is on the staff of the *Times Literary Supplement.* He is the author of *The Movement: Poetry and Fiction of the 1950s.*

MICHAEL SCHMIDT's novel *The Colonist* was published by Muller earlier this year.

IAN CARTER is Senior Lecturer in Sociology at the University of Aberdeen and author of *Farm Life in Northeast Scotland, 1840-1914.*

PETER CONRAD's most recent book is *Imagining America.* He teaches English at Christ Church, Oxford.

CRAIG RAINE's most recently published collection of poems is *A Martian Sends A Postcard Home* (Oxford).

CHRISTOPHER REID's *Arcadia* was published by Oxford last year.

Technology and employment in industry: A case study approach
Edited by A. Bhalla. Foreword by A. Sen
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The Prudence Farmer Award

The *New Statesman* awards an annual prize for a poem or poems published in its pages during the previous 12 months. PETER CONRAD is this year's judge. His report follows.

This has been a year of transition — or purgation — in the back half of the NS, and the change has left its mark on the poetry. The old gang of wits and dandies has been disbanded (or redistributed among other publications): there are new, troglodytic rumblings from beneath the earth. John Berger has written poems about migrant workers under a silicosis-poisoned sky, David Sweetman about B52s bombing Asia, Ken Worpole about the Blair Peach inquest. For Berger, even language is restively subterranean:

like a mole
the tongue
burrows through the earth of speech

A poem of Norman MacCaig's hails the new dispensation and sends Ariel packing: 'does everyone prefer Caliban to you/as I do?'

Despite these new recruits, I find it hard to disagree with the decision of James Fenton two years ago. He gave the prize to Craig Raine siphoning off a portion for Christopher Reid. Though each had only a pair of poems in these columns during the past year, they remain its most gifted and original poetic contributors. Indeed a number of other poets published can be regarded as mimics or parodists of Raine and Reid (who, possessed as they are of startling stylistic novelty, run the risk of turning into parodists of themselves).

One reason for their excellence lies in their having accepted the limits which constrict an NS poet and magicked them into virtues. Poems in these columns, where there's a weekly scramble for available space, are squeezed on all sides. Sometimes the pressure contracts a poem into a postcard, like the one sent by Craig Raine's Martian two years ago or those despatched this year by John Berger from destinations in East Europe; sometimes it's responsible for a telegraphic, epigrammatic economy, as in Martin Amis's 'Point of View', with its adroit reversal and vindication of clichés. But most often the format has segmented poems into grids of intricate, separable images. Denied room in which to expand or extrapolate, the poem recoils into itself and resorts to a desperate shorthand: objects are displaced by imagistic riddles. Many NS poems seem ambitious to become acrostics. Reading them is an act of decipherment, deducing the object which was once there, before it was recomposed into an image. Blake Morrison's 'two child-size coffins' moaning at a party are stereo speakers; the painter's 'wooden heart' in a David Sweetman poem is his palette; in another Sweetman poem a bitch, rather than prosaically littering, shakes 'three clenched fists'. Keith Bosley's bestiary transforms nature into punctuation: a swan's neck is the white curlicue of a question mark, twined 'about our wits, strong enough/to smash bone'.

Though these conceits are all miracles of ingenuity, they often seem to derive from a willed obliquity and the inconvenient constructions of space, not — as in the work of Reid and Raine — from visual wonder. Craig Raine's poems tend to be about the alienatory effect of his own style: hence his astonished Martian, or this year's 'funny farm', where the innocence of extra-terrestrial observation becomes loony and unsettling. But style for Raine is more than a technique: it's the register of a unique way of seeing. The itemisation of images isn't a concession to lack of space but a step-by-step process of discovery, a phenomenological adventure. Decipherment is the subject of 'Laying a Lawn', and the source of its considerable emotional power. Raine can read those turfy tablets; his infant daughter can't. She's secure and immortal in her ignorance; he, able to see through things to the emblems and portents behind them, is haunted by death. Seeing, for Raine, is a mortification. As he watches, the girl's body chars to a crucifix. He has written a worthy footnote to that great (and subversively funny) Wordsworth poem about the disparity between the perception of childhood and of desacralised old age, 'We are Seven'.

Reid reminds me of Wordsworth's mystically literal-minded tot in that poem. His strength is the innocent trustfulness of his eye, and the two small weaknesses of 'Pastoral' are its knowing importations from the museum — the Seurat flecks of the tweed, the Impressionist coiffure. The scatological Raine sees nature growing into putrefaction and waste: the best image in 'Down on the Funny Farm' is the cow-pat, an insignia in shit. Reid hasn't reached this stage of disenchantment. He's like Adam in Eden, inventing the plants and animals in assigning names (or images) to them, and his first collection of poems was called, aptly, *Arcadia*. 'Pastoral' finds this nature subdued to cultivation. The barmaid's apple-picking denudes a shelf not a tree, the poodle's topiaried, the flight of ducks is tethered to a sitting room wall. Yet Reid's images release the objects from their enchainment, translating the room back into the outdoors. The scene *is* a pastoral, not just a jokey parody of one.

In dividing the prize equally between Reid and Raine, I'd add that I think they've been misassessed by other critics. Their supposed school is not situated in a space colony. 'Laying a Lawn' takes place in the poet's backyard, 'Pastoral' in a suburban pub — both Betjemanesque locations. And Reid's military man is a character Betjeman might have created at his long-gone best.

Christopher Reid

Pastoral

The barmaid apple-picks
her glasses off the rack.
She pumps and pumps for beer –
a thin pizzle-dribble.
Only a quarter past six,
and business is still slack
in this London country pub,
where the only customer
apart from us
is an old military dandy
of the most cultivated sort.
Spruce in his Seurat tweed
and fresh graphpaper shirt,
he douses his double brandy
with a brief siphon-snort,
then sets to wooing the barmaid
over her no-man's-counter
with forays of cavalier banter.
A hanky swells from his pocket
to tell her his heart overflows,
but he might as well dally for windfalls
from the fruit-machine
for all the interest she shows.
Her white hair is blue –
a bland, Impressionist cloud –
and next to the empty beer-crates
lives a poodle, topiaried,
that the old gentleman hates.
Bottles hang upside-down,
their spirits sinking
at so much heavy drinking,
while tankards, pot-bellied, on hooks,
are lords of the air and as free
as a flight of sitting-room ducks.

Craig Raine

Laying a Lawn

I carry these crumbling tomes
two at a time from the stack

and lay them open on the ground.
Bound with earth to last,

they're like the wordless books
my daughter lugs about unread

or tramples underfoot. I stamp
the simple text of grass

with woodwormed brogues
while my daughter looks on,

holding her hard, muscular doll
by its only leg . . .

She hands me a caterpillar
rucked like a curtain, just as

one day she'll bring me teeth –
segments of sweet-corn

in the palm of her hand.
While she faces me, I needn't see

the thin charcoal crucifix
her legs and buttocks make,

only the hair on her body
like tiny scratches in gold,

her little cunt's neat button-hole,
and the navel's wrinkled pip . . .

For the moment, our bodies
are immortal in their ignorance –

neither one of us can read
this Domesday Book.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

Men as Objects

Women's Images of Men *ICA until 26 October, then Arnolfini, Bristol; Bracknell; Bluecoat, Liverpool & Third Eye, Glasgow*
Eight Artists: Woman: 1980 *Acme, 43 Shelton St, London*
Paul Huxley *Rowan*
Henry Moore's Arch *Kensington Gardens*

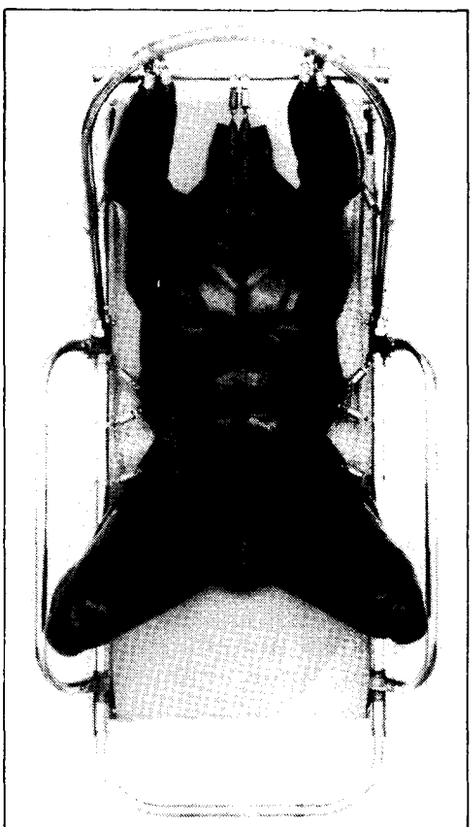
They do talk. The catalogue for *Women's Images of Men* contains no les than three separate introductions as well as statements by most of the artists. Verbally this is an outstandingly articulate show and not particularly Amazonian. Several of the 35 artists — chosen from an open submission by a committee of six — deliberately shrug off the polemical overtones of the theme and even Lisa Tickner's feminist Introduction (furnished with nearly four columns of closely printed notes) is unprovocative:

> For women to 'image' men: not just in the sense of making a portrait, but in the sense of taking men as both the raw material for, and the signifiers in, their own cultural expression — that is to challenge a 500-year-old division of labour in European tradition.

Quite so. Suddenly one has a vision of art, like an amoeba, renewing itself at a stroke, since, after all, the sexual sensibility of half humankind has hardly been explored in visual terms.

The high level of articulacy extends to the photographs by Sally Greenhill, Mayotte Magnus, Anya Teixeeira and others. They are incisive, witty, unpretentious and uniformly urban — not a romantic landscape in sight. The sculptures, too, are impressively self-assured, centred on Elizabeth Frink's monumental set of *Four Heads.* These are not the sinister goggled figures of the Sixties, suggesting authority and aggression, but the more recent 'tribute to human rights, to all those being persecuted today, whatever their beliefs', with massive chins lifted, eyes and mouths closed, and a powerful sense of endurance. Ana Maria Pacheco's *Some Exercise of Power* treats a similar theme; but whereas Frink's bronze heroes are romantic, Beethovenian images, Pacheco's pair of huge wooden torturers standing over their bound and naked victim are grotesque, Kafka-like, with moonish baby-faces and sharp little rows of teeth. Mouse Katz's *The Landlord* is also political in the broader sense (not specifically feminist), an absurd soft toy with dark glasses labelled 'Greed', his chest and belly sporting the buttons of a cash-register, three little drawers for money popping out of his groin. Mandy Havers makes figures out of stuffed, hand-stitched brown leather. Her *Framed Figure,* a headless flayed carcase stretched on a kind of hospital rack, is reminiscent both of those expensive leather hippos sold by Liberty's and of Bacon's paintings. It is disturbing perhaps less for being, as the artist suggests, an ambiguous image of seduction and aggression than for its suggestion of sado-masochistic luxury. Here, it seems to say, is another trophy to decorate your mansion and astonish your neighbours, along with the hippos, the Bacons and the Allen Jones sculptures of women as furniture.

But come to the paintings and you come down with a bump. Never mind the subject, never mind the danger to any artist (male or female) of becoming involved in a theme-show, let alone a potentially sexist theme-show, the problem here is the much more basic one of making figure-painting work. This may be partly because the majority of the exhibitors are very young and simply haven't had enough practice, but it is not primarily a matter of technique, rather of conviction.



Framed Figure by Mandy Havers, ICA

These artists strike one as dilettantes, people who don't invest much of themselves in their art. What investment they do make is often a mere parody of or counterweight to somebody else's conviction. Jane Lewis's limbless and castrated dolls belong not to our world but to Beardsley's; Elena Samperi's screaming woman giving suck to a tiny grown man parodies innumerable Madonnas; Jo Brocklehurst sends up the Hockney/Proctor male model; Sue Coe trails after Heartfield and Grosz; Erica Daborn after Ernst; and so on. Jacqueline Morreau, one of the organisers of the exhibition, makes distinctly individual drawings, but her painting called *Children's Crusade* (a note on the wall explains that 'patriarchal religion imposes continual child-bearing upon women') is a clumsily organised, crudely painted piece of symbolism in a worn-out manner. Perhaps these painters simply found the subject too boring or too inhibiting. There are further women's shows to come at the ICA next month: first Video, Performance and Installation, then an exhibition on the theme of social and political issues. These may have more to offer.

Meanwhile at the Acme Gallery there is the first instalment of a two-part exhibition of women abstractionists. Claire Smith, who organised it, believes that women's art 'has tendencies, often objectives, that are rarely to be found in men's work' and hopes that her two shows 'will raise the issues for more general debate'. This first show includes fine examples of Smith's own delicate, semi-transparent evocations of light and landscape, with leaf-like forms inscribed over pale colour; also Jozefa Rogocki's harmonious assemblages of found objects and lettering (spelling out enigmatic texts and titles) which have an ancient, scholarly appearance, as of spells or fetishes from the study of some fastidious mage. Sheila Cluett's sculptures — tall, springy whiskers of steel and wire held together with wax or clay and leaning against the walls — are equally reticent and sensitive. But 'tendencies', 'objectives'?

If reticence, sensitivity, delicacy, harmony are characteristics of these women's art, so they are, too, of Paul Huxley's latest paintings at the Rowan. Huxley has been working for a long time now with 'dialogue' paintings, canvases which play right against left and flat geometrical shapes against the pure, overall-coloured grounds on which they float. All but one of his new paintings are subtle variations in blue and grey, balancing an arrangement of lines on the left (a kind of stick figure) with a construction of rectangles, triangles and sometimes cones on the right. But the shapes and balances — though they impart a certain stateliness to the paintings — are really only the scaffolding for a display of colour, as though figures or buildings were silhouetted against a lit sky. In the most recent painting, *Equation,* the shapes and stick-figures have disappeared completely, leaving only pairs of short parallel bars, black or grey over panels of varied grey, but suddenly singing out, pink over purple, green over brown, at top and bottom.

The colours are astonishing, unearthly. It hardly seems possible for even a painter as original as Huxley to invent new colour-effects at this late stage in history, yet there they are, pinned to a wall, more like some captured phenomenon than mere paint on canvas.

Among the works assembled in Kensington Gardens for Henry Moore's 80th birthday two years ago was a fibreglass version of his 19-foot high *The Arch,* of which there are bronze versions in Oslo and Indiana. The Henry Moore Foundation has now given a fresh version, made of Roman Travertine marble and weighing 50 tons, to the Department of the Environment. Sited as before on the north bank of the Serpentine, completing the vista from Kensington Palace via Watts's equestrian statue of *Physical Energy, The Arch* is itself an image of physical energy in slow motion, an eroded cliff, the bones of a landscape picked clean by the processes of time. From a distance, reflected in the lake, its material and its proportions — if one ignores its 20th-century asymmetry — suggest nothing so much as an 18th-century garden temple.

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Music

Constellations

ANDREW CLEMENTS reviews new record releases including Stockhausen and Luciano Berio

In a rush, in what are usually the quietest months of the record industry's year, appeared more contemporary music than has been put on disc for some time. The bulk of the issue came from Deutsche Grammophon, but Decca's Headline label made a brave re-appearance with the first recording of what will prove to be one of the important landmarks in post-war British music. DG's releases included three recent projects, but also made available two ambitious works by Stockhausen previously obtainable here only as expensive imports. Stockhausen, like Hans Werner Henze, has established a relationship with Deutsche Grammophon that guarantees his music will be recorded on an organised basis, the important alongside the trivial. Some of these pieces have not yet been risked on the British market, but only one of Stockhausen's major scores, *Inori*, is unrepresented.

The two recent releases at last give us some idea of Stockhausen's preoccupations in the last 10 years. Neither *Sternklang*, subtitled 'Park music for five groups' and written between 1969 and 1971, nor *Sirius* for tape, trumpet, soprano, bass clarinet and bass (1975-77) has been heard here, though at one time Sir William Glock considered making a Prom out of a performance of *Sternklang*. If the traffic could have been controlled, Kensington Gardens would have been an ideal location. Five groups of instrumentalists and vocalists are positioned as far apart as possible while still able to hear one another; a central signalman co-ordinates everyone at crucial points. The players are given musical models on which to base their performances; they are instructed to derive further material from observing the star constellations during the performance.

Sternklang represents the most ambitious attempt by Stockhausen to establish a performer-oriented music, in which the onus is on the players to listen and react to one another and to become absorbed into a single creative process. But whether it is well served by the recorded version (2707 123, fitted on to two records, though live versions last three hours) is more doubtful. Those who have attended performances in France and Germany remember it as an enthralling, magical experience: of wandering among the groups, leaving one sound world and gradually entering another, of watching messengers carrying musical models by torchlight between them. Little of this, especially the subtlety of the relationships, survives on these studio-made discs. Though the concentration on close-ups of each group is fascinating in its own right, ideally this release should have been complemented by a recording made by roving sound engineers at a live performance.

If *Sternklang* marks the culmination of one phase of Stockhausen's development, then *Sirius* is the beginning of a new preoccupation. Though it lasts over 90 minutes in this recorded version (2707 122, two records), *Sirius* seems more like a preliminary sketch in comparison with the music-theatre works that have followed it. For the last five years Stockhausen has been working on a gigantic opera, *Licht,* to be presented over a week with a different production for each night. The whimsy and naive symbolism, not to mention the rather primitive humour, of this project are evident already in the text of *Sirius*, a bundle of astrological references and puerile doggerel. But Stockhausen is still incapable of producing uninteresting music: the electronic tape which plays throughout the work is yet another demonstration that he has mastered the medium of electronic music more completely than anyone, and the straightforward (frequently tonal) vocal and instrumental lines have an individuality setting them apart. Stockhausen remains the most original genius post-war music has thrown up; though he may sometimes infuriate, he deserves constant attention.

The failures of tone and taste which Stockhausen may sometimes perpetrate would be unthinkable from Luciano Berio. The complete craftsmanship of everything he does never allows an ugly sound or ungrateful shape; the price his music sometimes pays for this is a frustrating blandness. *Coro*, a large piece for chorus and orchestra built upon a text from Neruda, was performed two years ago at the Proms and made little impression; the textures could not be sufficiently distinguished, and the apparent monotony of the scoring — too detailed to allow solo lines any prominence — made for grey, shapeless sounds. The recording (2531 270) by the chorus and orchestra of the Cologne Radio conducted by Berio reveals a very different work, making sense of its tapestry of folk-material, and bringing out the glistening instrumental colours and the vital interweaving of voices and orchestra. I'm still not convinced that the constant references back to Neruda's *Residencia en la tierra* give the diffuse structure sufficient backbone, but the disc remains a virtuoso demonstration of Berio's infallible hand at musical effect.

Craftsmanship is also the most striking thing about the orchestral works by Bruno Maderna recorded by Giuseppe Sinopoli and the North German Radio Orchestra on 2531 272. Maderna died in 1973, lamented perhaps more as a sympathetic conductor of the avant garde and benign influence on the activities of his Darmstadt contemporaries than as composer in his own right. But at least one of the pieces here is a beautiful essay in textures: *Aura* has been heard in BBC concerts in this country and contains one of the most beautiful endings to any contemporary orchestral piece I know, in melting, evanescent sounds. Neither is Ligeti's *Three Pieces* for two pianos one of his major works. I wrote about it at length here after the first British performance in 1977, and further hearings on this record (2531 102, a marvellous performance by the Kontarsky brothers) confirm it essentially as a set of studies in keyboard mechanics, tricked out with the engaging idiosyncracies which lend so much charm to Ligeti's music. Of more value are the two works that make the rest of the disc, by Bernd Alois Zimmermann, a composer little known in this country, who came to modernism from neoclassicism, a strange progression for a European composer. *Monologue* for two pianos is a typical example of his collage techniques, stewing together quotations from around the piano literature to powerful effect; the impression left is of a fraught, explosive work, working at the limits of what the medium can express. It is an individual, distinctive voice.

Were there space enough and time, Harrison Birtwistle's *Punch and Judy* would merit a column to itself. It is perhaps Birtwistle's finest work to date, written some 14 years ago to a libretto by Stephen Pruslin that at the time of the first performance seemed too wordy and clever by half. Now words and music seem precisely matched; the incessant punning and word games are mirrored in the closed forms of Birtwistle's settings, and the ritual set-pieces of the staging give the whole thing a removed, hieratic feel. It is not an opera in the commonly accepted sense of the term, though Birtwistle calls it 'a tragical comedy or a comical tragedy opera in one act'; the much abused description of music theatre is hard to resist. Since he wrote *Punch and Judy* Birtwistle's music has changed direction, moving away from blocks of non-developing material towards musical processes that rely upon an irresistible sense of organic growth. For all its moments of schematic violence the music is often hauntingly beautiful — for Punch's travels in search of Pretty Poll, for the weather reports, for the prayers. Such an extraordinary work should have been put on record many years ago, but the quality of this Decca version (HEAD 24-25, two records) makes it worth the wait. The orchestra, inevitably, is the London Sinfonietta, the conductor David Atherton; both, and the singers, are superb.

Television

Greene Light

JULIAN BARNES looks at the televised memoirs of Sir Hugh Greene, former Director General of the BBC

It has, sadly, become a television cliché to take old soldiers back to the battlefields of their youth, to stand them by that estate of modern bungalows outside Falaise and watch it all come back: 'Well, there was a slight rise in the ground over there, the Germans had a mortar set up in . . . well, there was a wood there at the time, and just down here is where Shorty copped his . . .' The weatherbeaten face cracks a distant smile, partly at the memory and partly at the realisation that the young will never understand the excitement and the tedium of battles long ago.

There was a similar whiff of yesterday's cordite about Sir Hugh Green's professional retrospective, *Battles of Broadcasting* (BBC-2). Over here Eden launched his cutting attack; that little bulge in the lines we called Whitehouse Redoubt; and do you remember when General Hill was appointed CIGS? Sometimes you were permitted to see the wider strategy (Eden lopping the BBC External Services grant in retaliation against the Corporation's refusal to kowtow over Suez); but too frequently there was merely a confusion of military memories.

Partly, it was a problem of form: television autobiography is harder to bring off than its written equivalent. Variations of tone and style are difficult to manage; and when the autobiographer speaks straight to camera,

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natural pride in his work may well come across as boasting. Witness the case of Mrs Whitehouse. Greene took us through her arrival on the scene, his refusal to meet her, and her subsequent remark that when he was D-G, she had been 'not just persona non grata, but persona non existent'. 'Exactly,' was Greene's single, beaming comment on this; and it sounded worryingly complacent.

Moreover, it was hard (without a third-party voiceover) to tell from this film exactly what Greene's achievement as D-G was. Clips of charming Fifties rubbish *(Muffin the Mule, Andy Pandy,* and a hilarious political interview — 'Tell me, Mrs Pandit, how many times did we imprison you?') gave way to clips of gritty Sixties classics — *Steptoe, Z-Cars, Cathy Come Home.* It was clear that Greene wasn't claiming the credit for anything more than providing an atmosphere in which such programmes could be made; but how is this done, what does it involve?

At the end of this long and at times quite boring programme one was left with the unexpected — and doubtless lopsided — impression of Greene not as the enlightened liberal (or, if you prefer Mrs Whitehouse's words, the man who 'encouraged a public service' to be used for 'purposes subversive to our national way of life'), but as the man who stopped a couple of famous programmes. While justly proud of *That Was The Week That Was,* Greene was also the butcher who killed the show in its second season — a deed which still smarts with many viewers over 30. This was done, he assured us, not because of political pressure but because the Board was worried by the programme's 'smut' (of which we were given an incredibly mild example by Lance Percival) and lack of 'political drive'. According to Greene — and it was a point one wished him to enlarge on — the 'cohesion' of the Board was more important than a single programme.

The second *cause célèbre* was Peter Watkins's *The War Game* of 1965, which remains banned on TV, but of which we were allowed a few stunning clips. Greene quoted a naively self-damning letter from Lord Normanbrook, then Chairman of the Governors, to Burke Trend, then Secretary of the Cabinet and linkman for ministerial opinion: 'the showing of the film on television might well have an effect on public attitudes to nuclear deterrence.' And we couldn't have that, could we — a television which provokes thought and changes opinions? Greene, at least, didn't parrot out this spineless argument in justifying his decision; instead he maintained that the BBC couldn't accept the responsibility for the film's effect on 'the old, the lonely, the mentally disturbed, watching in the privacy of their own homes'. But the Bomb, if and when it comes, isn't going to be so nicely discriminatory, seeking out only those strong-minded adults who have been to the cinema to see *The War Game,* weighed the issues, and voted to stay nuclear. That's not how it works, alas; and I'd guess that the current state of panicky ignorance about the Bomb in part flows from television's lack of coverage of the issue. We can, it seems, have as many 'controversial' programmes as we like about homosexuality, abortion, women priests or whatever; but Northern Ireland? the Bomb?

Meanwhile, back in the real world, *Mackenzie* (BBC-1) continues to give enormous pleasure for what we can begin to discern are very sound, almost Biblical reasons. While at first glance it might seem to be merely a super-soapie about semi-glamorous shits, it is, of course, really a gut morality play. Last week, for instance, the selfish and adulterous Mackenzie was punished by the death of one son and the sworn hatred of the other; the lecherous wiseacre Kovacs was punished by falling for a sawdust-brained teenager who he knows will soon tire of him; and Diana 'Creepy' Crawley was punished for five whole episodes of acute nose-in-the-air selfishness by being handed a severe bout of post-natal depression. Verily Andrea Newman sayeth unto thee, thou shalt live the life of adorable Mrs Mackenzie, whereupon, though thou shalt lose a husband and a son, thou shalt gain the sympathy of the whole country, yea until the end of the series.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Women Pay

Juno and the Paycock by SEAN O'CASEY *Aldwych*
The Wild Duck by IBSEN *Lyric, Hammersmith*
King Lear by SHAKESPEARE *Young Vic*

O'Casey first conceived *Juno* as the tale of Johnny Boyle, the campaign-crippled IRA quartermaster who betrays the commandant of his batallion to the Free Staters and is murdered by his former comrades; and he got so far as to write a roadside death-scene for the young man. But that was chopped from a final draft that, as it turned out, failed to go altogether according to plan. O'Casey himself had held aloof from the civil war that followed Irish independence, and he simply could not bring himself to treat any of its combatants with respect. His observation told him that it was the women who ultimately paid for men's convictions, as for most things; his instinct, that nothing justified the suffering inflicted by conscientious hatreds. It was our common humanity, not our ideological differences, that really mattered. 'You lost your best principle, me boy, when you lost your arm,' his mother, Juno, tells Johnny; and that was O'Casey's view, too. So the putative protagonist dwindled into a not-very-interesting supporting character, contemptibly hypocritical when he's parading his beliefs, sympathetic only because he's the broken victim of his own naivety and treachery, important mainly for the impact his death has upon his mother and doesn't have on his father.

As in *The Plough and the Stars*, the non-combatants sprawl out of the tenements and take over the play: the shiftless Jack Boyle, his crony Joxer, the sterling Juno, each representing an aspect of the human spirit which, for better or worse, gave comfort to O'Casey. Something, even if it was only mess, muddle and Falstaffian fibs, would always survive the fanaticism of the few. Indeed, that's the point and emphasis of the play's extraordinary ending. Another dramatist would have closed with the cri-de-coeur of Juno, her family destroyed by political nemesis, sexual exploitation and paternal fecklessness. But no sooner has she gone to identify her son's corpse, and then to nurse her daughter through a 'shameful' pregnancy, than on totter the two idlers and topers, mouthing what to them are no more than platitudes about the world's 'chassis'. Only O'Casey, for whom pain and foible, comedy and tragedy were inseparable, could have composed a scene of such bitter hilarity and then left it to lurch and cackle round our skulls. His insistence on the primacy of the private over the public isn't fashionable nowadays, and will seem short-sighted or worse to many; but no one could dispute the depth and complexity of his sympathies. The RSC could hardly find a centenary more worth celebrating than that of his obscure and penurious birth.

Trevor Nunn's production is a pretty satisfactory celebration, too. My main reservation is that John Rogan's sly, smirking Joxer is often in danger of fading into the smudged wallpaper, and certainly seems too wispy a boozing companion for Norman Rodway's Jack, who is bluff, hearty and ebullient, though not without the callousness necessary for the part. But Judi Dench, whom I suspected would be too young for Juno, and is hardly as physically imposing as mother-goddesses are supposed to be, turns out to have a compensating size and force of personality, not to mention the mandatory supply of grey hair. She brings a ringing outrage to her denunciation of an Ireland she feels has too much regard for the dead, too little for the living; and she's also the first Juno I've seen who fully justifies O'Casey's stage-directions, which suggest that in another environment she might be a 'handsome, active and clever' woman.

We can see some of that in her half-suppressed exuberance at the ad-hoc party the family throws in honour of its illusory triumphs, a legacy and an engagement. O'Casey's political disenchantment in 1922 wasn't accompanied by social apathy or irresponsibility. He knew that poverty helped explain Boyle's obsessive escapism and Joxer's sycophantic collaboration in it, and he also knew that the same fell cycle had diminished if not defeated Juno. If Miss Dench's exhaustion shows what is, her pep and defiance achieves something more: it shows us what could have been.

'Why don't you just piss off?' is the line with which Ibsen's Relling answers Gregers's announcement that his destiny is to be thirteenth at table, thus ending *The Wild Duck* at Hammersmith. Compared with the Everyman edition's 'So I should imagine' and even Christopher Hampton's 'God damn you to hell', it is brusque stuff: an indication, not only of the extremes of colloquialism to which Ronald Hingley pushes his translation, but of the immediacy of Michael Blakemore's production and (hence) of its power to arrest and stir. For once, this is a plausible domestic situation, and not, as it tends too often and obviously to seem, a schematic attempt on the part of the idealist Ibsen to distance himself from the wilder excesses of Ibsenite idealism: an act of moral self-flagellation writ portentously large.

Michele Wade's Hedwig is the kind of hyper-sensitive adolescent who might actually kill herself if rejected by the father with whom she's so credibly besotted; and Richard Briers's Hjalmar is sufficiently vain and spoiled to carry out that rejection, yet also sentient enough to feel the pain and humiliation of its cause and the horror of its consequences. Gregers is, as always, the problem, because it is hard to believe that anyone but the most en-

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trenched idiot would fail to see that Hjalmar could never be a white-hot crusader for truth, honesty and the 'idealist's charter'; but Jim Norton, who plays the part at Hammersmith, helps himself and us by emphasising how dreadfully shocked he is to discover his father should foist his discarded mistress on the unsuspecting Hjalmar. It is, isn't it, his elementary human duty to enlighten so badly misused a friend. Indeed, Mr Norton is as little the sententious busybody and as much the kindly, well-meaning chum as Ibsen allows him to be. What his Gregers is guilty of is what afflicts Briers's Hjalmar, too: myopia, lack of imagination and foresight, a self-absorption seemingly venial in itself but mortal in its results. It's an emphasis that brings the play as close to everyday reality as it can go.

Frank Dunlop has marked his return to Britain from America with a characteristically pacey yet coherent *Lear*. Philip Locke, with his willowy presence and frail, choking voice, seemed an odd choice for the king; but he packs a surprising amount of snarl into the scenes where I'd suspected he'd prove weakest, and falters only where he promised to be most effective, giving us less-than-agonising encounters with the doomed and dead Cordelia. The evening's unequivocal success is Paola Dionisotti's Goneril, a schoolmarmish beanpole so seriously upset by a boorish father that she's impelled to take refuge in an unseasonable hardness. She reminds us that the play partly concerns something at the nerve-centre of the Young Vic's universe: the generation gap.

Radio

Charles Lewsen

Arden's Don

Don Quixote by JOHN ARDEN after CERVANTES
Radio 4

John Arden writes of the immense work that he has dramatised for radio:

> *Don Quixote* proved not simply to be a book about an old fellow who imagined he was a legendary knight-errant, and went out deliberately to have the appropriate adventures; rather did I find that it is a book about an old fellow who imagined he was a knight-errant, and then discovers that someone has *written a book about him*, and that everywhere he goes, his reputation precedes him.

Arden's view of the book as an elaborate hall of mirrors may be an exaggeration; but it is the kind of powerful interpretative perception necessary to one intent on reducing a vast fresco to cameo size. In the second part, especially, where Cervantes is made to rail against Lope de Vega, whom he suspects of cobbling up a sequel to Part One before Cervantes himself can publish one, Arden and the actor, Ronald Baddiley, are able to give a strong paranoid presence to their portrait of the narrator. This figure is essential in a radio version of the book, since someone other than Sancho Panza with his wavering relationship to reality is needed to establish the objective identity of each person or object that the Don's fantasy transforms.

We first meet the tax-gatherer Cervantes as he finds himself arbitrarily thrust into a prison just opposite the house of an old man who, according to his priestly jailer, is possessed of knightly delusions. When, out of that compulsion born of his artistic vocation and civil service training, Cervantes starts to impose 'coercive sanity' upon the 'fallible mortal chaos' of his unseen neighbour's condition, he establishes a genial tone that allows the Knight of the Rueful Countenance that measure of dignity that he has sustained over the centuries, even in tin representations in tourist shops. Later, as the plagiarists seize his property, and Cervantes feels his creation removed from him, and his own life nearing its abused end, the Borgesian conception is taken almost to the extremity of King Lear, coercive sanity becoming coercive manipulation, and Cervantes himself a god that kills for sport. A cruel edge enters Baddiley's voice when, rather like the school-fellow whose conundrum traps you into uttering smut, Cervantes wrenches Sancho out of character, forcing him to speak like a hero of romance.

Arden's Cervantes is the most interesting, if not the most engaging, figure in his play. Imprisoned — but no longer 'held captive by his inability to develop a profitable theme' once the jailer has provided him with a central character — the father of Spanish literature, as conceived by our leading playwright, arbitrarily imposes his own capricious thoughts on his characters, then stands back and measures his efforts: 'To drive a man mad with visions, Dulcinea is surely as plausible as the Blessed Virgin Mary: for the purpose of fictional narrative, I would imagine a good deal more versatile.'

While Arden builds a substantial Cervantes, ringing changes on spleen, empathy, manipulation and detachment, the Don is not so easy to pin down. It is not an utterly 'daft old loony', to use Sancho's words, who dubs an inn a castle during his first journey; like his author, he is, rather, a conscious artist, choosing out of aesthetic preference to describe a swineherd summoning his pigs as a 'conventional dwarf in livery' set up to signal the approach of the noble stranger.

Arden seems to have centred the characterisation on the episode — marvellously evoked spatially by the director, Alfred Bradley, and his technicians — in which Quixote descends into the pit where, he claims, he sees a vision of Dulcinea. This is an event that Cervantes, in the original, suggests that the Don may have invented, and Bob Grant, as Quixote, goes through most of the play with a bookish removedness that one may, according to context, understand as disengagedness, unworldliness or mischievous lying. His 'not impossible', in reply to Sancho's enquiry whether his wife Teresa shall be queen when he becomes king, epitomises his ambiguity.

Teasing as that ambiguity may be, it leaves me unengaged. Although I glimpse a moral fevour that, whether Quixote is gull or guller, dignifies much of his behaviour, what drives the Don is a notion of chivalry that takes on flesh too fleetingly, too repetitively and without development. I was delighted when Grant's hinge-rust voice roused itself against a mirage with the manic, dangerous 'Cheearge!': I laughed outright every time Rosinante lumbered out of the loudspeaker like a well-meaning alliance of nutmeg-graters and soup-spoons; but there was only one episode that delighted and engaged me at every level. That was the episode of Sancho's governorship, from the moment when he approached the village called island, 'because it is surrounded as you see by the surrounding countryside', to the break up of his stewardship. It works because that governorship has been the image sustaining Sancho through every inconvenience, every humiliation and every shock to his credulity; it works because it is a logical stage in a clear human process. And in the Bradley production it was reinforced by the marvellous presence of Bernard Cribbins — those slightly nasal tones by turns plaintive, resilient, credulous, with which he endowed Sancho; and the transformation into brisk practicality as he dispensed justice among the peasants appointed, like film extras, to give substance to a Quixotic fantasy.

Films

John Coleman

Thirsty Work

Special Treatment (AA) *Gate, Notting Hill*
A Woman of Paris (A) *Gate 3, Camden Town*
The Hunter (AA) *Plaza*
The Blue Lagoon (AA) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
The Long Riders (X) *London Pavilion*

What do we know of Yugoslav cinema who only Dusan Makavejev know? Precious little, and it is anyway all of nine years since his Reichian jigsaw, *WR — Mysteries of the Organism,* fluttered dovecots in his own country and brought joy to anarchic hearts over here. (His even more controversial 1974 *Sweet Movie,* made in France, is finally to be given an airing — in a recut version — at the forthcoming London Film Festival, 13-30 November). Goran Paskaljevic's *Special Treatment,* then, the fourth movie by a young director who has already twice come top in his home critical polls, is bound to be something of an event, a *rara avis.* It proves to be a very odd bird indeed.

The domineering director of a hospital specialising in the treatment of alcoholics takes six of his patients on a trip to a brewery, there to perform a psychodrama based on their own case-histories for the benefit of an audience of workers themselves at risk to the demon drink. This buttoned-up Dr Ilich (Ljuba Tadic), whose methods embrace a heavy diet of Wagner, apples and running about, is not averse to surreptitious nips himself; his chosen sextet range from their bus's pompous driver through a reclaimed whore and a stammering actor to an intransigent old man; the outing is a tragi-comic disaster. Paskaljevic and his writer Dusan Kovacevic exploit their material with an unwavering devotion to its potential for the baroque; and the result is often blackly funny.

Innocent apples are injected with the hard stuff; the brewery's PR lady (a woozy Milena Dravic, Yugoslav cinema's favourite daughter) succumbs to brute, brief sex with the doctor over apricot brandy; she has earlier shown a pathetic eagerness to purge the library of such inebriating texts as *The Old Man and*

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the Sea ('the author was a drunk'). The piece is not short on free-floating pathos, either. The doctor's tiny son is dressed as a seven-year-old replica of papa and his mentor on the trip is one Jelena, deprived of her own two kids and later cracking up on stage as she delivers unrehearsed reasons for her boozing. After a drunken canteen lunch, the sobered whore reluctantly spurns a quickie with a handsome foreman. Yet the actor orates a stutter-free speech thanks to having partaken, and his Pirandello text has ironically to do with freedom from restraints.

Which brings us to the larger irritations and absurdities of *Special Treatment*. Naturalism and high stylisation are at war from the outset, where a 'theatrical' sequence has the six on a station platform apparently playing their roles in real life, *as* real life, to be followed by the doctor's shoddy little psychodrama version, complete with smoke-machine and train noises. The model-patient driver, whose nose would be quiveringly alert through abstinence, fails to note that the old man has been swigging stolen hooch.

But the crucial error for some will be seen in a wholesale equivocation. The director is on record as saying he is 'neither in favour of nor against alcoholism', which is a bit like saying one has an open mind about rape. And, to pursue the parallel, it is suggested that alcoholism is not the main subject of the film (which would account for its being 'specially treated' with such unseriousness), that it may be read as a metaphor for the power it lends one man over his fellows. Unfortunately, the condition is simply too speaking in its own right, too important, to allow of such allegorical subordination.

The current accolades for Chaplin's 1923 *A Woman of Paris* were perhaps inevitable, but they do this intermittently inventive little melodrama a disservice by creating expectations it is scarcely there to fulfil. And one is puzzled, in retrospect, that it provoked such critical plaudits back in the early Twenties — when it came to erotic sophistication, hadn't those 'naughty' early De Milles to some extent and Stroheim's *Blind Husbands* (1918) and *Foolish Wives* (1921) wholeheartedly been there beforehand? Of course the Chaplin *is* unusual in several ways: his own appearance, as a porter, lasts about two seconds; such future directors as Eddie Sutherland, Monta Bell and Henri d'Abbadie d'Arrast (whom God preserve) were his assistants; Edna Purviance was coaxed into some fine cynical moments of performance and Adolphe Menjou effectively launched as an amused cad.

The story — small-town girl, apparently jilted, lands up in Paris as mistress of rich gadabout, to re-encounter ex-boyfriend, now impoverished painter, and lose him to Death in further welter of misunderstandings — could be stitched on to a lace handkerchief. Most memorable now are the appearance of Betty Morissey as a delicious flapper, the shades of disapproval investing the face of a wordless masseuse, such 'touches' as a starched collar falling from a drawer, a gourmet visit to a restaurant kitchen, Purviance's relentless smoking. In the margin, welcome to Gate Three, a pleasant new cinema in the body of an old Gaumont.

Briefly: Buzz Kulik re-emerges from the mini-womb of TV to direct *The Hunter*, a peculiar mishmash with affiliations to the real-life career of one Ralph Thorson who, through some unrepealed old law, lived until recently off bounty collected for hunting down fugitives from justice. Steve McQueen's parched-lipped laconicism is perfect for an all-action role which also has fun with his persona by making him a wildly inept driver; excellent location fragments and a stirring set-piece chase on a subway train. A fitful memory proposes that Randal Kleiser's *The Blue Lagoon*, also shot — prettily, by Nestor Almendros — in Fiji, is even sillier than Frank Launder's 1949 version of the H. de Vere Stacpoole yarn. When Leo McKern's rascally cook snuffs it, there is only the minimal interest left of when and how young Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins will stop caching their sexes and, as it were, Get It Together.

The Long Riders is Walter Hill's version of the Western exploits of the James and Younger boys. That four sets of actor-brothers play outlaw-brothers is supposed to be the attraction: in the event, their screen women play them out of sight.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Ich Will Nicht!

Die Frau ohne Schatten *San Francisco Opera*

'Unreal' was how I heard a neighbour, having toiled through the arcana of the synopsis, describe *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. In California, that's the highest of compliments, crediting the work with the same hokey afflatus as narcotics or a new religion. But despite the turquoise delights of the San Francisco production, with its jewelled minarets and groves of gingerbread palms, it's wrong to commend *Die Frau ohne Schatten* for its unreality. It fabricates a mythology only to discard it: the work is an incident in opera's relinquishment of myth and gradual adjustment to the humble, unoperatic human world.

In their original scheme, Strauss and Hofmannsthal planned it as a parody, and parody (as in Nestroy's burlesques of Wagner) is always the arbiter between the solemn conventionality of myth and a lowly, inimical reality. The characters from fable were to be confronted, as in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, by unruly human creatures; a transparent chamber ensemble for the extraterrestrial episodes would alternate with an obstreperous, murky orchestra expanded to cope with riotous human emotions. Though the work outgrew this scheme, it's still a parodic commentary on its own operatic heritage. The petrified Emperor, hardened into hieratic stasis, might be an image of traditional operatic character, immobilised inside its gestures and its inflexible will. Operatic characters are monsters of proud consistency, refusing psychological change or any penitent admission of weakness or error: Norma's unremorseful assertion in Bellini's opera — 'norma non mente' — is a motto for operatic character.

But *Die Frau* alters this ordinance, which is what makes it, for all its magic, a realistic work. The Empress in *Die Frau* relinquishes the mythic lotos-land in which she belongs for grievous, wearisome humanity. She extinguishes the adamant and selfish operatic will in herself. The climax of her role is, operatically, an anti-climax, because it's a refusal to act: morally she's saved when she won't rescue her husband at the cost of Barak, and she cries out, after a wrenching effort of decision, 'Ich will nicht!'

The humanity and reality the Emperor's courts are to the other female protagonist, the Dyer's wife, badges of shame she's anxious to disown. The wife as well is an operatic character of a new psychological kind. She has no name of her own, being simply an annexe of her husband and an auxiliary in his trade. Her character too is not her own possession but a mess of contradictory yearnings which the Nurse astutely manipulates. She's determined by others. Remote from the operatic omnipotence of the will in Norma or Brünnhilde, she's a social casualty, a victim of conditioning like Lulu or Wozzeck. Only her fantasies are operatic — delusions of wealth, ease and sensual pleasure conjured up by the Nurse.

For its *Frau*, San Francisco convened the famous team of Leonie Rysanek and Birgit Nilsson. Rysanek's Empress is an inspired account of the role, a performance which has long been classic but which remains vividly new. It's a miracle of vocal acting. Her voice follows the Empress's development from fluttery unworldliness (the disembodied bird calls of coloratura in her opening monologue, when she remembers her previous pre-human metamorphoses) through the torments which humanise her. The sound Rysanek makes is at first of immaterial softness and delicacy, as if not produced within a human body, ideal and emotionless. But her desperation urges a series of startling vocal changes: the aubade of ecstatic eagerness with which she greets the earthly sunrise; the cries of terror in her dream; the plunge of two octaves on 'Zur Schwelle des Todes!', vocally paraphrasing her lapse from crystalline grace and immunity with guilt and pity, and the equally vertiginous re-ascent on another phrase, 'Mein Richter, hervor!'.

The generous intensity of Rysanek's performance confers humanity on the Empress. Nilsson, after decades of operatic spear-wielding, head-severing and mother-murdering, is less accustomed to mere human being, but her awkwardness is right and perceptive, for the Dyer's wife is a demotic, drudging Brünnhilde, in whom vocal heroism is reduced to scorn and vituperation. In place of Brünnhilde's battle-cry, the wife begins with a slatternly curse on a lacerating B-flat, dousing her brothers-in-law with the household slops. The proud solitude of heroic ambition (no god, Brünnhilde tells Siegfried, ever dared to approach or importune her) is in the wife's case levelled down to a mean defence of her domestic privileges.

Vocally the role is ungrateful because ironic. Though devised as a parody of the heroic idiom, it's even more taxing to sing — spiky, unrelenting, atonally veering between extremes — than is Brünnhilde. Noting that Strauss probably never expected to hear this impossible music sung as he'd written it, Nilsson piques herself on doing exactly that, encompassing the treacherous intervals of the vocal line and even making her harangues sound lyrically vulnerable. She has vowed that this will be the last operatic role she will learn, and if so it's a sad but apt end to a prodigious career; the Dyer's wife is at once an attempt to outdo the heroic past and an ironic epilogue to that past.

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Weekend Competition

No 2639 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Larkin has written about jazz musicians, but we have yet to hear Betjeman on the punk scene. Please remedy this, in up to 16 lines (but let us remind you that you can write less), by 31 October.

No 2636 **Set by Dan Kavanagh**

Trade union jokes.

Report **By Frank Shortstraw**

A moderately successful comp. One or two of the cracks sounded familiar, but Dan Kavanagh didn't say you had to invent the jokes themselves — his only stipulation was that there should be no Irish re-sprays. The effect is improved if you read the entries aloud in your best imitation of a stand-up comic's voice; as Gramsci once said, it's not the jokes, it's the way you tell them. Three quid a quip.

Four trade unionists were found guilty of a joint offence on the picket lines. The first three were given six months apiece and the fourth got nine months. Questioned later as to why he had been so severe on the fourth man, the judge replied: 'Oh, he was the shop steward. Those bastards are never satisfied unless they get time and a half.'

J.J. WEBSTER

What did the doctor say to the trade unionist?
If you find a scab, picket!

What's a Concorde pilot with his thumb up his nose? A flying picket.

RUPERT SINGLETON

A union leader's wife found out that he was having affairs with several women. He admitted it, but said: 'I cannot be held responsible for the actions of my most militant member.'

PETER VEALE

Shop steward: 'We are going on strike for shorter hours.' Worker: 'That's good, I always thought 60 minutes were too many.'

F. BUTLER

In conference at Frinton, the Retired Shoemakers' Union passed a resolution deploring the *Daily Mirror*'s description of them as 'a load of old cobblers'.

CLAUDE SPETTIGUE

A Russian trade delegation was being shown over a Lancashire textile mill. The leader asked the manager conducting the visit what hours were worked by the men. 'Eight hours a day, five days a week, with four weeks' holiday a year,' came the reply. The Russian announced proudly: 'In a similar mill in the Soviet Union the workers attend twelve hours a day, six days a week, with no holidays at all.' 'Oh you'd never get this lot to accept that,' replied the English manager gloomily, 'they're all bloody Communists.'

PHILIP MARTIN

After long negotiations, the shop stewards emerged from the conference room looking very satisfied. The senior shop steward addressed the workers: 'From now on we get double wages, 12 weeks' holiday and three hours for lunch, and we only work on Mondays.'

A voice from the back: 'Not *every* bloody Monday!'

JAMES KENNARD

Tony Miles

Chess

No 202 **Norwegian swansong?**

When deciding to play at Gausdal in August I rashly agreed to take part in a second tournament in Oslo. The dates and content of the second event did not really become clear until it started. It turned out to be a 14 player nine round swiss, starting just two days after Gausdal (ie one day to travel and one to rest. The content was basically the strongest players from the previous event plus the Italian GM Sergio Mariotti and the Norwegian number one Leif Øgaard.

Being more than a little tired from my Gausdal finish I took my first game, against the American IM Morris, lightly. Somewhere in the middle something nasty happened and I lost. Thereafter, I took the tournament more seriously and I actually should have won all eight of my remaining games. In fact I made two silly blunders costing half a point each but the total of 7/9 was sufficient to win the tournament. It was a double family success as my wife Jana scored her second women's grandmaster norm.

The main focus of attention was the performance of Øgaard who for several years had tried to make a living as a professional chessplayer. About a year ago he gave up, accepting that he would never become a grandmaster. Since then FIDE have made the requirements even harder. Here he started with a win, lost to the American IM deFirmian, then bounced backwith a string of four consecutive wins, two over GMs Mariotti and Westerinen, to take a clear lead. In the seventh round I beat him to take over the leadership, but another victory left him needing only to win his last game for a grandmaster norm.

He was paired against the young Swede Cramling — no easy opponent remembering Gausdal. Around move fifteen the Swede made a terrible oversight, effectively losing a piece. However, he recovered his composure and, rather luckily, found a way to recoup two pawns and maintain pressure. Suddenly what had seemed a formality became a nightmare. Cramling's pressure mounted and in a desperate attempt to maintain winning chances Øgaard went astray and finally lost a marathon nine hour battle. A sad end to what had looked like a fairytale tournament.

The final leading scores were Miles 7, Øgaard and deFirmian 6, Mariotti, Cramling and Regan (USA) 5½.

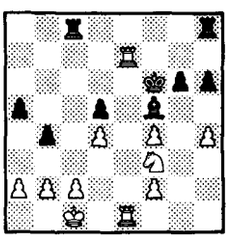
This week's game shows Øgaard at his best with a beautifully smooth positional performance. Regrettably it may have to serve as a memorial to a good player who probably will now never get the grandmaster title.

White: L. Øgaard **Black: R. Hoen**

1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. N-QB3, P-Q4; 4. B-N5, B-K2; 5. P-K3, O-O; 6. N-B3, P-KR3; 7. B-R4, P-QN3; 8. Q-N3, PxP: 9. BxP, B-N2; 10. R-Q1, BxN?! 11. PxB, Q-B1; 12. P-K4, N-B3; 13. Q-R4, N-KR4; 14. B-R6, Q-Q1; 15. B-N3, NxB; 16. RPxN, N-N5; 17. B-K2, P-R3; 18. R-Q2, P-QN4; 19. Q-Q1, Q-N1; 20. O-O, N-B3; 21. P-Q5, N-Q1; 22. P-B4, B-B4; 23. P-K5, PxP; 24. RxP, B-N3; 25. B-B3, P-QB3; 26. R-Q6, R-R2; 27. N-K4, P-QB4; 28. B-N4, R-K2; 29. N-B6ch! PxN; 30. PxP. Resigns.

Problem 202

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 29 October.

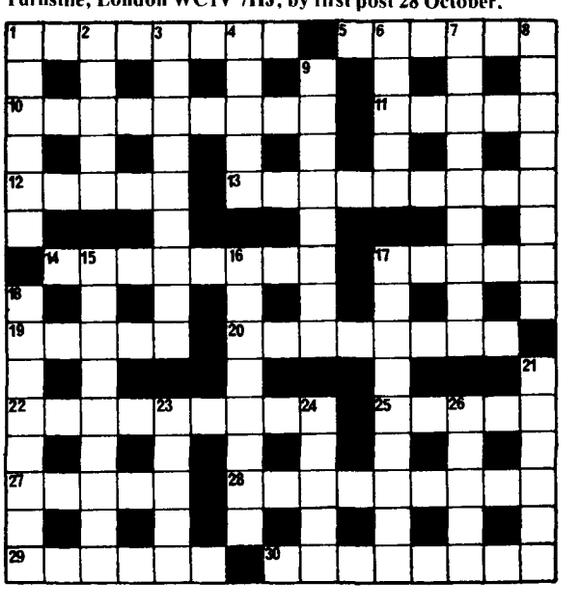


Solution to problem 200

1 . . . Q-B3! 2. QxQ (anything else loses a lot of wood), R-N1ch; 3. K-R1, B-N7ch; 4. K-N1, BxPch mating.

Weekend Crossword 1360

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1360, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 28 October.



ACROSS

1 One man got round two others in the interval (8)
5 It is excellent when one's friends are back at university (6)
10 Tin animal transformed into Dickens character (9)
11 The less frequently seen in the paper are red (5)
12 Sorry, but there is no river for the wader (5)
13 Possibly is twice fated to be pleased (9)
14 Top person who raises the roof? (8)
17 The force of points held by a writer (5)
19 Gets money from two organs (5)
20 Bird makes strange gents hold nothing back (8)
22 Friar's dances in schoolboy's favourite resorts (9)
25 It is part of a dog's make-up to suffer (5)
27 Control enemy leader in desert (5)
28 Parts of book devoted to final tests? (9)
29 Meal makes one the opposite of embarrassed about the hotel (6)
30 Cross is behind this place in cathedral city (8)

DOWN

1 Cluster of cottages fit for a prince (6)
2 Vessel concerned with nothing turning up (5)
3 Works found in damaged state beneath overturned vehicle (9)
4 Servants who give one help in writing (5)
6 Pound boxes provided for the birds (5)
7 Law-maker for a clergyman without relations (9)
8 Even love fades in caricatures (8)
9 Illustrations taken from the right cup-ties (8)
15 Of a famous labourer and a goddess pure (9)
16 Result of drinking in city outside capital of Germany (8)
17 Beat or match in taste (9)
18 Given away and married after most perfect love (8)
21 Way in which Red Sea could be blotted out (6)
23 Don't advance directly with learner in team (5)
24 Something growing in the southern border (5)
26 Belief which makes one embarrassed in company (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1358

C	A	N	A	L	E	T	T	O		P	R	O	O	F
O		O		E		R		H		O		U		A
C	A	N	T	A	T	A		M	A	N	S	T	O	N
K		P		R		V		S		T		L		L
S	I	L	E	N	C	E	S		R	I	M	I	N	I
		U		S		S		R		F		E		G
C	A	S	H		S	T	E	E	R	F	O	R	T	H
U				I		I		A		S				T
T	A	R	A	N	T	E	L	L	A		O	P	T	S
L		E		K		S		E		P		R		
A	N	G	O	L	A		I	S	C	A	R	I	O	T
S		N		I		T		P		V		R		
S	P	A	N	N	E	R		A	N	I	M	A	T	E
E		N		G		O		T		S		T		A
S	I	T	E	S		T	R	E	A	T	M	E	N	T

Prizewinners to No 1358

Lydia Arnold (London)
K. Gibbs (Ramsgate)
Miss H. M. M. Mackie (Newcastle)

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The emoluments of the Visiting Fellow will be determined by the Faculty Board of English within the range of £1,250 to £2,000 for tenure of one Term. The Board may also reimburse part or all of the cost of the Visiting Fellow's travel expenses.

Further information may be obtained from **the Secretary, Judith E. Wilson Fund, Faculty Board of English, University of Cambridge, 9 West Road, Cambridge, CB3 9DP,** to whom applications, containing a curriculum vitae, should be sent so as to reach him not later than **1 December 1980.**

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Personal continued from page 37.

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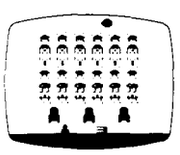
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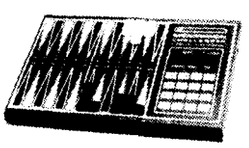
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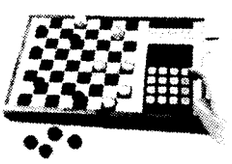
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ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. S. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Group, Sales Box Office 379 6061. All week 'Juno and The Paycock' by Sean O'Casey. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'Three Sisters' by Anton Chekhov (sold out) and premiere production 'No Limits to Love' by David Mercer. 'It strikes me as Mercer's best play in years' Times. RSC also at the Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Traitors' by Stephen Sewell. 'A beautiful production' The Observer. Mon-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mats 4.30p.m. Must end 25 Oct.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Galileo', Chieftains — The Irish Folk Group, 'Sisterly Feelings'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Elephant Man', 'The Provoked Wife'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) last perfs 'The Passion' parts I & II. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

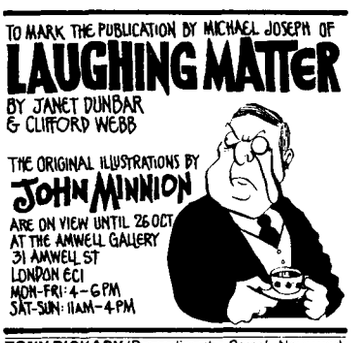
OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 'S'. Until 8 Nov. 7.30 p.m. mats Wed. & Sat. 2 p.m. Leicester Haymarket Theatre Co with Margaretta Scott, Polly Adam, Joyce Grant & Richard Easton in the original four act version of 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. Sun. 19 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Prunella Scales 'An Evening with Queen Victoria'.

THEATREGOERS — please note: cc — credit cards; S-Student standby.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Maria Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 435 9787.

Exhibitions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Concerts

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Meetings

BRITISH HUMANIST ASSOCIATION and Progressive League Week-end Conference 'Human Rights and Human Responsibilities', 'High Leigh', Hoddesdon, 31 Oct.-2 Nov. Saturday evening lecture is the Voltaire Trust Lecture by James Robertson, author of 'The Sane Alternative'. This lecture open free to public. Other speakers, Prof. R. Scorer, Enid Wistrich, Peter Slip (Amnesty International). Fees £19-21. Details, Kenneth Dobbie, 162 Gunnersbury Avenue, London W3.

ISLINGTON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wed. 22 Oct. 8 p.m. 295 Upper St, N1. Allan Roberts MP 'Labour's Housing Manifesto'.

EXPLORATIONS IN ANTHROPOLOGY. An illustrated talk by Michael Sallnow 'Pilgrimage in the Andes'. London Anthropology Society, Wednesday 22 October 7 p.m. at Marylebone Institute, Marlborough Hill, Marlborough Place, St Johns Wood, London NW8. 60p inclusive of refreshments. All welcome.

GRESHAM LECTURES IN DIVINITY. The Enigma of the Fourth Gospel, by Professor G. N. Stanton, 3 one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1, at 1.00 p.m. 20 October, and 10 November.

GRESHAM LECTURES IN RHETORIC. 'Three Remarkable Visitors to England' by Professor Sir Robert Birley. 3 one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1, at 1 p.m. 23, 30 October and 13 November.

HON. PAUL EVERINGHAM, Chief Minister, Northern Territory of Australia, 'The Territory's Investment & Tourism Potential', Mon. 27 October. 6.15-7.15. Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Ave, WC2. 01-930 6733 ext. 6.

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 18 Oct. 12.15-2.15 Claire Pajakowska and Mandy Merck with Sue Clayton discuss the question 'Is There A Feminine Language?'; 3.00-5.00 Sally Potter and Jan Worth discuss 'Feminist, Women's and Socialist Cinema'; 19 Oct. 3.00-5.00 'Where Do We Go From Here?' — A discussion to sum up and exchange ideas on the Women's Own Season. 22 Oct. 7.30 Women's literature expressed in an evening of pathos, humour and tragedy, 'Godhead Revisited' is enacted by Fidelis Morgan and Miriam Margolyes, directed by Liane Aukin. Tickets £1.00 per day. 01-930 3647.

MICHAEL MEACHER MP on 'Making the Police in London Accountable'. 12.45 Sat. 18 Oct. at Pindar of Wakefield, Gray's Inn Road, WC1. Organised by The Fabian Society.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 18 October. Vivienne Elliott on 'Shaw and Caricatures', with slides, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Lecture 7 p.m.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM THROUGH YOGA. Day Course with Meditation Sessions. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat. 18 Oct. at Kensington Central Library, Campden Hill Rd, W8. Admission free. Refreshments available.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 19 Oct. 8 p.m. 'Theosophy & Occultism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St. WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 21 Oct. 'Early Anglo-Saxon Archaeology: A Grave Matter?' by Dr M. G. Welch; 23 Oct. 'Archives: The Parchments and Papers of Power' by Dr Jane E. Sayers.

YOUNG FABIANS DEBATE with Association of Conservative Graduates 'This House has no confidence in Her Majesty's Government' Giles Ridici MP versus Robert Rhodes-James MP. Wed. 22 Oct. 8 p.m. LSE, Houghton Street, London, WC2.

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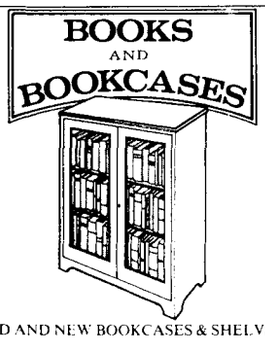

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